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The Literary Digest

FOR JULY 4, 1936

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Mail

Business Life

Sir:—In the June 20 issue the following occurs: "Actually, the active life of the average enterprise during the five years from 1931-1935 approximated five and one-half years."

It hardly seems fair that business should work so much overtime, especially when the President is making every effort to reduce the hours of labor. F. T. DOWNING.
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

[The active life of the average enterprise which went out of business in the 1931-35 period had been five and one-half years.—*Editor.*]

Finger-Printing

Sir:—In your issue of June 20, you say "Finger-printing is a European invention." Will you please tell your readers just when it was invented? DANCEY FORT.
Nashville, Tennessee.

[According to Soederman and O'Donnell's "Modern Criminal Investigation" (Funk & Wagnalls, 1935), the use of finger-prints as

(*Continued on page 40*)

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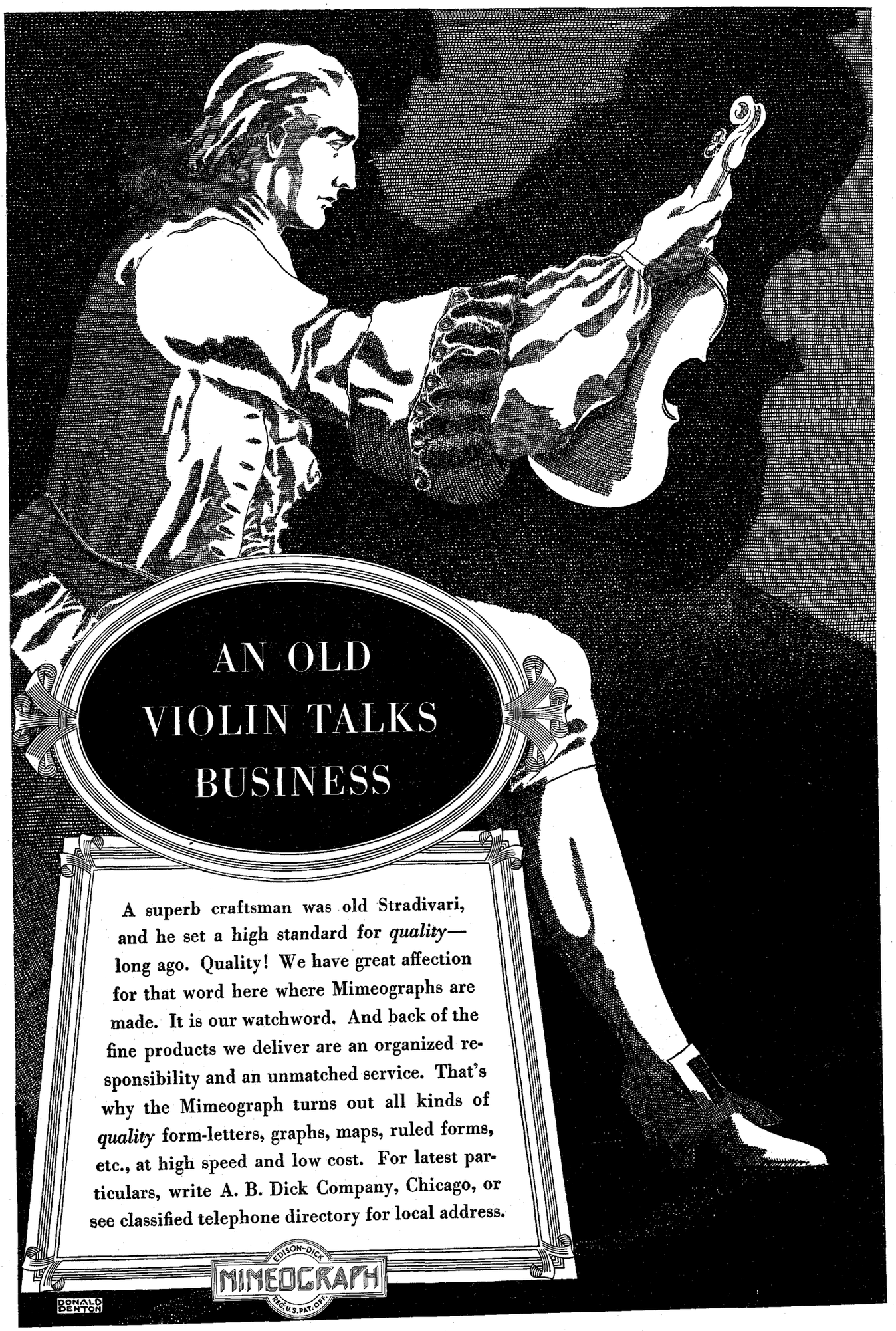
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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK JULY 4, 1936

Topics of the day

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2

DRAMA OF ROOSEVELT RENOMINATION

Farley Stages Five-Day Spectacle as New Deal Cavalcade

Bald and beaming, James A. Farley banged a gavel big as a sledge-hammer, opened proceedings, called them "momentous," and plunged into a speech inaugurating the Democratic National Convention of 1936.

It sounded the themes and set the tone for five long days of oratory and applause in Philadelphia's Municipal Auditorium on the west bank of the Schuylkill River.

The Issue—"The continuance of the New Deal *is* the issue," announced the pink-cheeked Democratic Chairman bluntly. He spanked the Liberty League. He derided the Republican platform and candidates. He extolled the Administration's record. Then he ended with a shout of praise for "that calm, capable and courageous commander, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

The word "Roosevelt" sent the 3,000 delegates and alternates into the first of two dozen rip-snorting demonstrations. For thirty minutes, they yelled, stamped and paraded the aisles, waving handkerchiefs, ringing cow-bells, blowing toy trombones, waving State flags and black-lettered white standards. Back in the balcony a red-jacketed band blared "Happy Days." From the front of the flag-decked Speaker's platform, Thomas Jefferson, in a reddish lithograph, looked on.

Governors, Cabinet officers, and Congressmen pranced with the rest. A rural delegate grabbed the New York standard. It stuck in its socket and broke. Governor Herbert H. Lehman seized it, hoisted it aloft and, side by side with Senator Robert F. Wagner, headed the high-stepping delegates from Franklin Roosevelt's home-State.

And, so, throughout, it went, far into the night, far into the week.

The speech of Senator Alben W. Barkley, key-noter, amplified Chairman Farley's. "Pour it on 'em, Alben," yelled a delegate, and the burly Kentuckian poured: "Republican incapacity and duplicity. . . .The Republican Party's holding company, the American Liberty League. . . . The American people are not afraid to follow, they will follow. . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt." (Cheers, horn-blowing, more parading.)

For Roosevelt, outwardly at least, it was one long love-feast in the City of Brotherly Love. Roosevelt, "as gallant a leader as ever led any political host to battle," Senator Joseph T. Robinson called him. Roosevelt, "a son of all forty-eight States," he was called by ex-Judge John E. Mack of New York, who placed him in nomination and set off the longest and wildest demonstration, lasting an hour and four minutes.

Correspondent after correspondent stressed the fact that the convention's every move was prearranged. "This is not a really political convention in the familiar sense, but a great carnival and barbecue to sound the ballyhoo for Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal," wrote Westbrook Pegler. "Theoretically the Democratic Party is meeting to select a Presidential nominee, but that, of course, has been attended to long before the gavel falls."

Every mention of Roosevelt's name during the week brought roaring delegates to their feet. Laughingly, the President, at a White House press conference, said he had been too busy to follow developments at Philadelphia. He did not need to follow them; he knew in advance what they would be.

White House Strings—Senator Wagner, who drafted the party platform, conferred with Mr. Roosevelt beforehand. So did Senators Barkley and Robinson, the convention's temporary and permanent chairmen. So did Judge Mack. And so, of course, did Mr. Farley, Mr. Roosevelt's principal agent at Philadelphia.

A Roosevelt show first and last, a Farley show between times.

Mr. Farley "is *in excelsis* here," Joseph Alsop, Jr., reported to the New York *Herald Tribune* from Philadelphia. "The convention arrangements, the seating of delegates, the programs of oratory and song are all settled in Mr. Farley's room."

Both Mr. Farley and the Democratic National Committee had headquarters on Broad Street in the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford, the convention's hub. There silvered loud-speakers over the portico paged missing delegates and made announcements to

Photos © International

Attackers (left) and defenders (right) of the New Deal: demonstrators shouting for Al Smith failed to stop the show started by Senator Alben W. Barkley (top), who made the key-note address, and Senator Robert F. Wagner, who read the platform

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clusters of the curious. There stout politicians in crushed white linen suits danced in the roof garden and drank in the bar. There delegates swarmed in the spacious, high-ceilinged lobby and waited minutes for elevators, seeking convention tickets, badges, autographs, a hand-shake from Mr. Farley, or directions through the city's maze from convention hostesses dressed in gray and white Quaker costumes.

Slapping the Chairman's broad back, covered with a new blue suit, they told him that his show filled eye as well as ear. Gold and blue, Pennsylvania's colors, predominated. Gold and blue brightened the information-booth in Broad Street Station, the city streets, the cavernous air-conditioned convention hall, the draperies on its stage.

Brilliant Lamps—Giant Klieg lights burned down on the hall from the balconies, floodlighting the fidgety delegates, the gavel-thumping speakers, the State emblems on the walls, the press-tables of unfinished wood, the pictures of Roosevelt and Garner, the ten-foot noise-measurer, or "demonstrometer," whose white light danced as the delegates yelled.

Mr. Farley had a special box on one side of the stage. "Farley's Waxworks," jocular delegates called an exhibition of New Deal activities in a separate building hard by the convention hall. Lectures, movies, models, graphs and pictures in the "waxworks" showed accomplishments of New Deal agencies from CCC through TVA, excluding those buried by the Supreme Court of the United States.

But colorful as the convention show was, it was obviously cut and dried, and so many of the visitors found it dull. They were slow to assemble, they tired easily and they dwindled away during the long-winded speeches. To overcome their boredom, they reveled in picturesque sights and incidents.

Of these there was no lack. Delegates from Texas rode a donkey around the hall. Delegates from Rhode Island wore red leis, delegates from Missouri red sun helmets, delegates from Nevada maroon shirts, delegates from West Virginia hillbilly overalls.

A hay-mower drawn by two mules appeared in the city to cut the grass Hoover said would grow in the streets.

There was a fancy-dress Mummers' parade one evening and an outdoor beauty contest to select the Queen of the Convention, a brunette from Texas.

The Connecticut delegates lost all their tickets and had to appeal to Gene Tunney, honorary Sergeant-at-Arms, to get into the convention hall.

Battle Avoided—Fights over the century-old two-thirds rule and parts of the platform were expected to rouse the delegates, but they failed to materialize. The human angle in the rule-change interested the delegates only mildly. In the Democratic convention at Baltimore in 1912, they recalled, Speaker Champ Clark had a majority of the delegates on eight ballots. Then William Jennings Bryan plumped for Woodrow Wilson.

Bennett C. Clark, the late Speaker's son, now a portly Senator from Missouri, was present that day when the Democratic rule requiring nominations by two-thirds vote euchered his father out of the Presidential nomination. Since then he has hated and fought the rule.

As Chairman of the Rules Committee this year, he mounted the platform and urged that the old rule be killed. Southern States, given veto power over candidates by the rule, had been expected to oppose its abolition. But Clark's Committee had placated them with a promise of increased strength in future Democratic National Conventions. Some of them shouted "No" to the proposal that the rule be abrogated, but the motion carried by voice vote.

At the same night session, the delegates applauded and indorsed the platform.

Observing tradition, Senator Wagner's Resolutions (Platform) Committee held open sessions in a ballroom on the second floor of the convention building. But after listening to Tom, Dick and Harry, it followed the wishes of Franklin.

Wire to Washington—In a suite at the Bellevue-Stratford, a sub-committee did the actual phrasing. The committeemen sat at a long mahogany table, with Senator Wagner at the head. Before him was a flag-draped picture of the President. Beside it was a telephone over which he kept the President in touch with developments.

Two crackling occurrences before the delegates met provided the convention's drama, and neither took place in Philadelphia itself.

One was the announcement that Representative William Lemke, North Dakota Republican, would run for President as the Union Party's candidate, probably with the support of Townsendites, Share-the-Wealthers and followers of Father Coughlin.

The other was the letter from Al Smith and four other prominent Democrats to the delegates, urging them to put aside Franklin D. Roosevelt, and threatening to support Alfred M. Landon, the Republican candidate, if they refused.

Ex-Governor Smith did not appear at Philadelphia to make his appeal in person, but his shadow was over the convention from the time Mr. Farley called the delegates to order until they renominated Vice President John N. Garner and adjourned.

Governor Lehman was confident that the Smith statement represented "the feelings of only a handful of Democrats," and that most independents also "stand four-square behind the policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

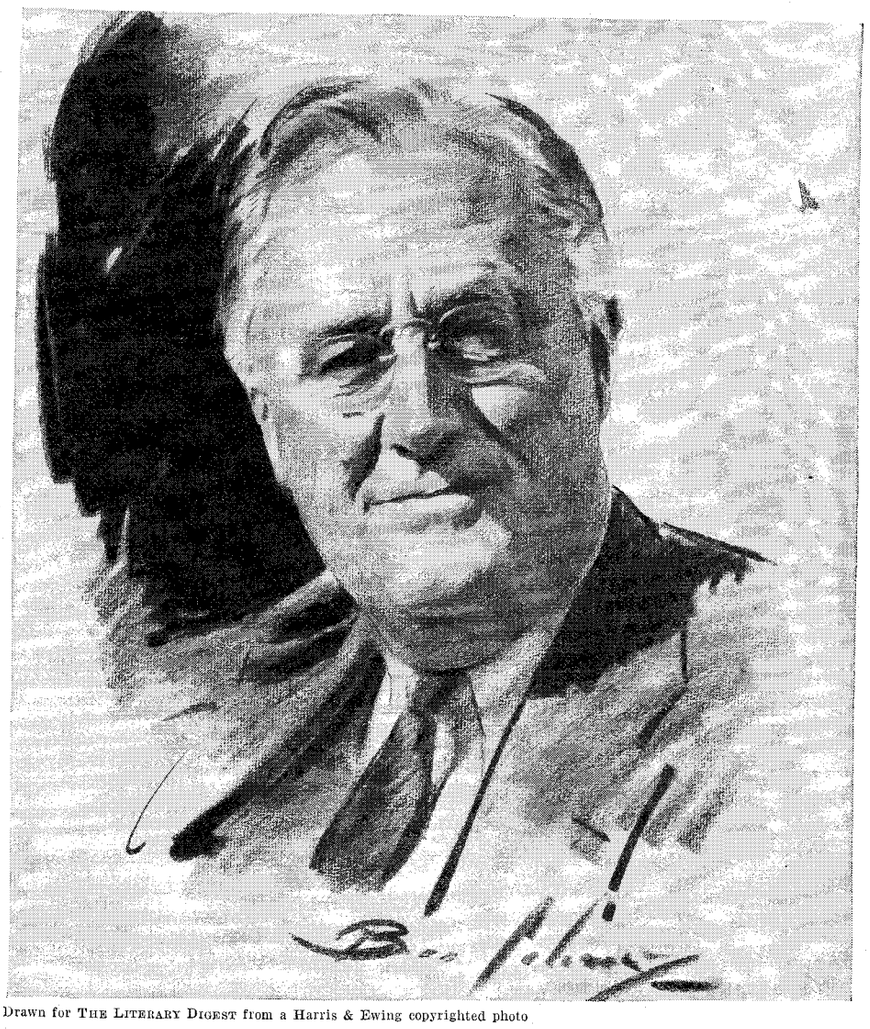
But some Democrats wondered whether the Lemke candidacy might not slash into the Roosevelt strength in the West while the Smith "bunion derby" trod heavily on its toes in the East.

* * *

ACCEPTANCE: Last Saturday night, more than 100,000 persons sat breathless with excitement in Franklin Field, Philadelphia. In hundreds of cities and hamlets throughout the forty-eight States countless millions listened in. At twenty-three minutes to ten, loud-speakers blared forth the word for which they had been waiting.

"Your President has arrived."

In the University of Pennsylvania's athletic field a mighty roar shook the threatening skies as Franklin Delano Roosevelt



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Franklin Delano Roosevelt—"The son of forty-eight States"

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ascended the platform on the arm of his eldest son, James. The cheering swelled into one deafening roll of frenzied thunder, sending the "demonstrometer" to the ultimate 100, higher than it had ever reached at Cleveland's Republican conclave two weeks before.

The President walked across the stage and clasped in his own the gnarled hand of John Nance Garner, again his running-mate. The two linked arms rose high above the great horseshoe of humanity, acknowledging the cheers. Vainly did Chairman Farley plead for silence after a half-hour of pandemonium. Through the fluttering fragments of torn programs came an ovation such as few men in modern times have ever received.

Then winsome Lily Pons of the Metropolitan Opera bravely took up the first strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." From shouting, the crowd turned to singing. When the last words of the anthem rolled over the floodlight rim of the stadium, the President awaited the few last preliminaries, adjusted his spectacles with a trembling hand, and began the speech of acceptance which had brought him from Washington.

Warning Note—"We meet at a time of great moment. . . . America will not forget these recent years. . . . We feared fear . . . to-day . . . we have conquered fear. But I can not, with candor, tell you that all is well with the world."

The President had no time for personalities. The cry he raised was against an "economic despotism" which he likened to the royal "tyranny of political autocracy" that precipitated the American Revolution.

"Out of this modern civilization, economic royalists carved new dynasties. . . . They created a new despotism and wrapped it in the robes of legal sanction. . . . The collapse of 1929 showed up the despotism for what it was. The election of 1932 was the people's mandate to end it. Under that mandate, it is being ended.

"The brave and clear platform adopted by this convention, to which I heartily subscribe, sets forth that government in a modern civilization has certain inescapable obligations to its citizens, among which are protection of the family and the home, the establishment of a democracy of opportunity, and aid to those overtaken by disaster."

Thus ran the tenor of the President's acceptance speech. Continuation of the New Deal he had promised America when, four years before, he had broken all precedent by flying from Albany to Chicago to accept his first nomination.

Roaring Finish—He could not finish the last paragraph of his speech last Saturday night because the crowd had broken loose again. Sturdy lungs drowned out his voice. He concluded by holding his clasped hands above his head and smiling.

Presently, the President's wife and mother came and stood at his side, soon followed by his sons, James, John and Franklin, Jr., his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Boettiger, and by the daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Roosevelt. The President crooked a finger at Mr. Garner, and the beaming red-cheeked Texan joined the group; then Mr. Farley and Senator Joseph T. Robinson came over. The crowd could not get enough of cheering.

Mr. Roosevelt called to the band to play "Auld Lang Syne," stood there solemnly for a moment after it was finished, then waved good-by and turned to go. The throng would not let his car pass from the field until it had coasted once around the horseshoe while well-wishers in the farthest corners got a close-up of the man they had come to see and hear.

* * *

COMMENT: The following excerpts indicate the opinions of the press on the Roosevelt acceptance speech, the Democratic platform, and the political situation, following Alfred E. Smith's message to the Democratic delegates:

* * *

ACCEPTANCE SPEECH: Favorable—Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.): "It is one of the great documents of our national history."

Camden *Post* (Ind.): "It ranks with Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration and Washington's Farewell Address. Let us hearken to the President's striking phrase, 'This

(Continued on page 26)

PLATFORMS

Republican

Condensation of the Republican platform, adopted June 11, and vowing to preserve for the American people "their political liberty, their individual opportunity and their character as free citizens":

Constitution: Maintain the American system of constitutional and local self-government. . . . Resist all attempts to impair the authority of the Supreme Court. . . . There can be no individual liberty without an independent judiciary. . . . Preserve the American system of free enterprise.

Labor: Protect the rights of labor to organize to bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing without interference from any source. . . . Abolish sweat-shops and child labor. . . . Protect women and children with respect to maximum hours, minimum wages and working conditions . . . within the Constitution as it now stands.

Agriculture: A national land-use program including the acquisition of abandoned and non-productive farm-land by voluntary sale or lease. . . . Protect the American farmer against importation of all products . . . which will depress American farm prices . . . provide for ample farm credit at rates as low as those enjoyed by other industries.

Reemployment: Abandonment of all New Deal policies that raise production costs, increase the cost of living and thereby restrict buying, reduce volume and prevent reemployment. . . . Withdrawal of Government from competition with private pay-rolls.

Security: A system of old-age security based upon . . . a pay-as-you-go policy . . . revenues . . . provided from . . . a direct tax.

Tariff: Keep on the free list all products not grown or produced in the United States in commercial quantities. . . . Repeal the present Reciprocal Trade Agreement Law. . . . Restore the principle of the flexible tariff.

Monopolies: Vigorous enforcement of laws . . . against monopolies and trusts. . . . Enactment of such additional legislation as is necessary to make it impossible for private monopoly to exist in the United States.

Business: Regulation, within the Constitution, of the marketing of securities to protect investors. . . . Regulation of the interstate activities of public utilities.

Civil Service: Merit system, virtually destroyed by New Deal spoilsmen . . . should be restored, improved and extended.

Government Finance: Balance the budget—not by increasing taxes but by cutting expenditures, drastically and immediately.

Foreign Affairs: America shall not become a member of the League of Nations nor of the World Court nor shall America take on any entangling alliances in foreign affairs.

Bill of Rights: Abiding security of a government of laws as against the autocratic perils of a government of men.

Veterans: Adequate compensation and care of veterans disabled in the service of our country and for their widows, orphans and dependents.

Democratic

Condensation of the Democratic platform, adopted June 25, and dedicated to "humanizing the policies of the Federal Government as they affect the personal, financial, industrial and agricultural well-being of the American people":

Constitution: Transactions and activities which inevitably overflow State boundaries call for both State and Federal treatment. If these problems can not be effectively solved by legislation within the Constitution, we shall seek such clarifying amendments as will assure . . . power . . . to regulate commerce, protect public health and safeguard economic security.

Labor: Right to collective bargaining and self-organization free from the interference of employers. . . . Federal machinery for the peaceful settlement of labor disputes. . . . Protect the worker . . . in the production and consumption of all commodities, including coal and water-power.

Agriculture: Continue to improve the soil conservation and domestic allotment program with payments to farmers. . . . Full cooperation of the Government in the refinancing of farm indebtedness at the lowest possible rates of interest and a long term of years . . . production of all the market will absorb.

Unemployment: Maximum employment in private industry at adequate wages. Where business fails to supply such employment, we believe that work at prevailing wages should be provided . . . on useful public projects.

Security: Economic security for all our people, making sure that this benefit shall keep step with the ever-increasing capacity of America to provide a high standard of living.

Tariff: Seek by mutual agreement the lowering of those tariff barriers, quotas and embargoes which have been raised against our exports. . . . Adequate protection . . . against dumping of . . . goods produced abroad by cheap labor.

Monopoly: Enforce . . . anti-trust laws, and to the extent that their effectiveness has been weakened by new corporate devices or judicial construction . . . restore their efficacy in stamping out . . . concentration.

Business: We have extended credit. We have lowered interest rates. . . . The American business man has been returned to the road to freedom and prosperity.

Merit System: Immediate extension of the merit system through the classified civil service . . . to all non-policy-making positions in the Federal service.

Government Finance: A permanently sound currency . . . a balanced budget and the reduction of the national debt at the earliest possible moment.

Foreign Policy: Extend the policy of the good neighbor. . . . Guard against being drawn, by political commitments, international banking or private trading, into any war.

Civil Liberties: Guard the freedom of speech, press, radio, religion and assembly.

Veterans: Continue just treatment of our veterans and their dependents.

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POLITICAL "X": Lemke's Union Party, Unknown Quantity in Bidding Contest for Ballots

DOCTOR AND I WILL ARRIVE FOR CONFERENCE WITH YOU TOMORROW TUESDAY MORNING BETWEEN TEN AND NOON STOP WILL GIVE EXACT HOUR OF ARRIVAL LATER

GERALD SMITH

On the dot of twelve Dr. Francis E. Townsend, founder of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., and the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, self-named coheir to the late Senator Huey P. Long's "Share-Our-Wealth" movement, strolled into Suite 1226 of the new House Office Building, Washington, D. C. There, they found Representative William Lemke of North Dakota, recipient of the telegram, beaming like a cat that has just skimmed off the cream.

The stocky Fargo lawyer who looks like a dirt-farmer twisted around in his walnut swivel-chair, airily made circles in the air with his horn-rimmed spectacles, and mentally began tallying the votes the former country doctor and ex-preacher might be preparing to drop into his capacious lap.

Action Foreshadowed—Weeks ago, the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, persuasive-voiced radio priest, had hinted that the fuse of a political bombshell was sputtering. Then two weeks ago, came the explosion: Representative Lemke announced his self-nomination as the Union Party's candidate for President. His running mate was Thomas O'Brien, Boston labor lawyer, one-time Republican, now enrolled as a Democrat. The Lemke-O'Brien platform was built of fifteen planks, painted a mild pink.

From Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice, Mr. Lemke joyously envisioned 25,000,000 votes.

His two noonday callers might be bringing 14,000,000 more—10,000,000 from the Townsendites, still optimistic of $200-a-month pensions to gladden their autumnal years; and 4,000,000 from Smithites hopeful that a promise to share the wealth would bring them wealth to share.

Slow to Answer—But when the two messiahs emerged from Lemke's office an hour later, they wouldn't say "yes," "no," or even "maybe." Before the month is over, however, predict political observers, both will say "yes."

That explains why the pugnacious Unionist insists to reporters that his prime concern is not to split the Roosevelt vote, but to win the election.

But the observers remain unconvinced. The Left-leaning third party, designed to appeal to the Corn Belt, might coax sufficient urban votes from the New Deal to affect its chances. In the Corn Belt itself, analysts are agreed that (1) Lemke can not hope to carry any Midwestern farm States, (2) that his "soft money"—inflationary—platform confuses campaign issues, but (3) that even there, his program will steal Roosevelt votes.

This political thunder on the Left vexes Oregon, Washington, and Idaho Democratic leaders far more than does the conservative bombardment from the Right. In the Central Northwest, some commentators believe enough erstwhile Democratic votes will be thrown to Lemke to enable Landon to carry this sector.

Most editorial analysts project their comments on the thesis that this third party is the unknown factor which may upset the political apple-cart this fall. But there is no unanimity in guessing whether Republicans or Democrats will be hurt most.

Acme

Third Party: The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith and Doctor Townsend may unite behind "Liberty and Lemke"

Editorial Comment—Baltimore's two *Sunpapers, The Sun* and *The Evening Sun,* both Independent-Democratic, disagree in interpreting the probable effects, for the morning edition warns that "it might take enough votes away from Mr. Roosevelt to promote the election of Mr. Landon," while the afternoon paper jeers:

"People go right on being Democrats and Republicans, regardless of four-dimensional promises by minor parties."

And the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) believes "the effect on each [party] will be almost negligible," while the Nashville *Banner* (Ind.) is sure "the real threat of a new party passed away with the death of Long."

The St. Louis *Star-Times* (Ind.) is certain that "With Lemke on the ticket, the real candidate for President is Coughlin."

But the Chicago *Daily News,* published by Col. Frank Knox, Republican Vice Presidential nominee, gravely reassures:

"The election is still more than four months off: In that time we may have a fourth party, or even a fifth party."

OPENING GUN: Knox Fires First Salvo in East for G.O.P.; Landon Fishes, Hamilton Organizes

"Massachusetts gave this man birth; Michigan schooled him and started him on his career; in New Hampshire he attained success in a business way, and Illinois now has given him national leadership," perorated Gov. H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire as he flung out his right arm in a sweeping arc toward Col. Frank Knox.

Governor Bridges, dark horse at Cleveland, did not get the Republican Vice Presidential nomination. Democratic sloganeers were waiting, tongues in cheeks. But they didn't get a chance at: "Landon-Bridges falling down." The G.O.P. war-cry became instead "Off the rocks with Landon and Knox."

In the Municipal Athletic Stadium, Manchester, New Hampshire, Frank Knox, publisher of the Manchester *Union* and the G.O.P.'s assistant standard bearer, last week opened the Republican Party's campaign in the East.

For twenty minutes the "local boy who made good" shook hands all around.

Pageantry depicted an eleven-year-old lad selling newspapers in Grand Rapids, one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba, a World War artillery major, the Publisher of the Chicago *Daily News,* and to-day's Republican Vice Presidential nominee in "Knox Marches On."

"As a New Englander to New Englanders" the G.O.P.'s blue streak talker plugged points long implicit in the Yankee credo: economy, budget-balancing, stable currency.

Preparatory Vacations—Then the Colonel and Annie Reid Knox went to Green Woods, the Colonial home on Manchester's outskirts which she helped design. Until this week-end, the Republican Party's second-string candidate will be there "to get in a little golf, some horseback-riding, and a lot of sleep."

While he is resting in the old home-town, Gov. Alfred M. Landon of Kansas, Presidential nominee, is vacationing on a ranch at Estes Park, Colorado, where the fishing is pretty good in a stream fifty feet from the front porch. There he, unlike President Coolidge, reputedly his New England prototype, will use flies, rather than worms, to lure fighting trout.

While the two nominees are storing up energy for the political wars, John D. M. Hamilton, ebullient, crinkly-haired Republican National Committee Chairman, will be covering two States a day, whisking about by air-plane organizing the Landon-Knox campaign.

RECURRING DROUGHT: Grasshoppers Also Plague Farmers in Middle West

Wearily treading his sun-baked land, the western farmer sees a cloud on the horizon. With a fervent prayer, he waits for rain. Yet, as the cloud nears, a dull singing noise fills the air. The farmer curses; for, instead of moisture-bearing clouds, the black sheet proves to be a migrating mass of grasshoppers, a reminder of the great plagues of those insects in 1874, 1931 and 1932.

As he returns to watch his crops shrivel further, the farmer has reason to be dejected. Throughout the winter, the outlook for his crops was the best in years. Railroads, farm equipment manufacturers and mail order houses were cheered by increased business because of agricultural hopes for the summer.

Then came the rainless days of June; in various Southwestern areas these were a sequel to the rainless days of May. In thirty-five States temporary droughts were reported, but once again it was the Middle Western and North Central States which were to bear the heaviest burden.

Wide-Spread Echoes—With temperatures in some States remaining daily above 100 and with no rain in sight, the plight of the American farmer found echoes from many quarters.

Commodity markets showed strong advancing movements; cotton attained the

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Paul W. Savage Photo

Homeward bound: G.O.P.'s Vice Presidential nominee, Col. Frank Knox, with Mrs. Knox

highest price level since March, 1935; wheat advanced as much as nine cents, about 10 per cent.

Foreign trade experts saw the spring crop of wheat reduced to 150,000,000 bushels, which, combined with the winter crop of 500,000,000 bushels, would be barely enough for domestic consumption. This would place the United States once again in the position of importer rather than exporter. Politicians likewise watched the situation closely. Rains in time might give the nation a surplus of 100,000,000 bushels.

The price of American wheat is still above the world level. Abetted by any such surplus, the price would be forced down in the marketing. Then the farmer would be disgruntled with the Administration. This feeling, as it has worked in the past, could seriously affect the election.

Administration Aroused—The thought of a recurrence of the 1934 disastrous drought and dust scourge has galvanized responsible Washington agencies into action.

To ascertain the rehabilitation needs for the immediate future, the Resettlement Administration has sent officials to the Dakotas and Montana. The Rural Rehabilitation Act must provide for feed, food, seed, fertilizer and emergency needs. Drought relief grants amounting to $302,500 have been made to Southeastern States. Another $250,000 has gone to the Southwest to plant sorghums, soy-beans and the like on the sites of blown-out crops.

The WPA has allotted $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 of its funds for the North Central drought States.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration, under the Soil Conservation Act, plans changes. Damaged crops may be cut as hay.

Legislators from Midwestern States have applied for a $2,500,000 Federal appropriation to provide farmers with poison bran mash to stem the grasshopper menace.

A relief organization is ready, in case of acute emergency, to move feed into the stricken areas, ship water and food, purchase emergency livestock and move cattle. Railroads report that cattle are already moving from Wyoming and South Dakota.

One of the most novel features is the Red Cross activity of teaching drought area residents the use of dust masks and the sealing of windows and doors.

Editorial Comment—Advocating permanent protection as well as temporary rescue for drought- and dust-stricken areas, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind.-Dem.) hopes for prompt action. "Political platforms can't do much about the weather. But effective measures to assist the weather's victims in the Northwest certainly won't hurt the Administration's prestige on the home grounds of the Lemke movement."

The housewife will have her grumble, believes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.-Rep.) as "the drought may hurt the general public, too, by raising the high cost of living. Effects of the unfavorable season may be found in the family market-basket for months to come."

Faced by a shortage of feed for live stock, the Texas farmer is warned by the Dallas *Morning News* (Ind.-Dem.) "to resort to such devices as the trench silo in which he can store a crop of tumbleweeds or sunflowers if necessary and expect a fairly nutritious feed for dairy cows, beef cattle, hogs and even work stock."

SUBSIDY OR MORTGAGE?

Whether Ship Grants Will Build Merchant Fleet Rests With Board

Subsidy 1. Public Law. (1) Pecuniary aid directly granted by government to an individual or commercial enterprise deemed productive of public benefit. . . . as, a *subsidy* to a steamship company.—Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary.

That concise definition applies specifically to H.R.8555, an Act "to develop a strong American merchant marine, to promote the commerce of the United States, to aid national defense, and for other purposes."

With that curt declaration of policy, Congress for the first time sets up direct subsidies to build a merchant fleet, tho every other major mercantile Power has been liberal-handed with bounties for years.

America's record total of 5,457 ships exceeding 100 tons in the post-War peak of 1920 has slumped to 3,739. Britain, Mistress of the Seas, has 7,469, and maintains her proud position by subsidizing even tramp steamers.

Now, *Uncle Sam* will seek a much better second place with $100,000,000 in Federal cash available for rebuilding the American merchant marine in the fiscal year beginning next Wednesday.

Ostensibly ship-owners should be grateful that there will be ready cash to help round out their lines.

But, after its glowing preamble, Congress wrote in what modern masters of shipping regard as a joker: Title II—United States Maritime Commission, Sec. 201 (a).

Powerful Board—This creates a board of five with terrifically broad powers. Shipowners agree that America's shipping destiny lies in their hands.

Shipping men like to hark back a century to the clipper ship era, when American skippers speeded American goods over the Seven Seas and brought back silks, spices and sugar at a faster clip than their British rivals. They recall the days when Baltimore and New England clippers ruled the waves.

They feel that this hundred-million-dollar subsidy will help, but they fear that the five governmental watch-dogs who will decide how the subsidy must be spent won't know their jobs.

Almost to a man the marine industry hopes for five competent administrators with a practical knowledge of international shipping and the various problems confronting the American mercantile marine.

What causes their headaches is a section of the subsidy measure providing that no Commissioner may have had any financial connection with shipping for the last three years.

That proviso, they fear, will open

Resettlement Administration photo by Rothstein

In the drought area: large drifts of soil, piled up by the winds of the dust-bowl, threaten this farmer's barn

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berths only to maritime has-beens, or, worse, job-seeking politicians.

Many, too, feel that H.R. 8555 is no ship-owners' *Magna Carta*, but a Decalogue, a chain of "thou shalt nots" instead of "thou mayests."

Others fear the measure as a thinly camouflaged move for a return to the War-time governmental ownership and operation of almost all shipping lines rather than Federally assisted private enterprise as it has existed since 1928.

But they expect a big ship-building program for trade with the east coast of South America. They also consider the possibility of a fillip to the growing commerce with West and South Africa.

Proposed Authority—Any responsible ship-operator wishing to expand in that direction might do so under the new law. Briefly, he could do this:

1. Outline this plan for, say, refrigerated freight-ships for South American trade costing approximately $3,000,000 when built in America, one-third more than elsewhere.
2. If it approved this program, the Commission would pay to the ship-builders directly $1,000,000 where 80 per cent. of the cost of each ship would go to labor, while all materials used would be American.
3. The operator would pay the ship-builder $750,000 on each ship.
4. The Government would lend him the balance, or $1,250,000, this to be paid back in not more than twenty equal annual instalments with 3½ per cent. interest.

This stiff requirement (4) puts a loan from the Government almost on a private banking basis as far as the building of the ships is concerned, shippers hold.

With this banker-type loan, they say, the Government has the bonus in being able to take the ship for emergency purposes at cost without considering the value at the time of the emergency. It could deprive the borrower of the use of his property with no other compensation or consideration of losses involved through this action, and without any consideration for the shore and other operation involved in connection with the owner's business. Advertising and overhead expense would be wasted. Even in case of contracts that the borrower had entered, his only "out" would be "national emergency."

It costs more to operate American liners on an American level. Hence, the Commission would pay seamen the difference between foreign pay-scales and the wages demanded by seamen's unions.

Owners' Objections—Ship-owners consider this entirely fair, but dislike:

1. Limitation of net profits of ship-builder on vessel constructed with government aid to 10 per cent.; recapture of net operating profits over 10 per cent. earned by owner on subsidized vessels, with excess divided equally by Government and operator after each five years.
2. Limitation of salaries for officers of companies receiving government aid, to a maximum of $25,000 a year.

Ship-owners believe that the next Congress will face an imperative patchwork job for H.R. 8555, America's first experiment in direct ship subsidies. They point to England, where shipping subsidies have flourished since Queen Elizabeth stimulated building by paying five shillings in the pound sterling a ton on all vessels of more than 100 tons.

She had seen Drake's 197 armed merchantmen and fishing-smacks rout the Spanish Armada of 1588, so she created a Navy by subsidizing the merchant marine. In 1560 there were only seventy-six English merchantmen exceeding 100 tons. Twenty-two years later there were 177, and England began to be Mistress of the Seas.

Situation Outlined—To-day, subsidies keep Britain in full hegemony over the waves, while America tries the same methods because, as James A. Farrell, Jr., President of the American-South African Line, explains:

"Higher living conditions in America, restricting laws on construction and operation of vessels, higher wages, higher costs of supplies and construction, cause the operation of our merchant marine to be far above that of foreign countries.

"Most classes of ships built in America cost from one-third to two-thirds more than the same ships built abroad. There is a resultant increase of capital investment, insurance and interest charges.

"To compete at even rates of freight, in view of the marine subsidies of every leading nation, our own merchant marine must be subsidized. A direct subsidy, avoiding any possible subterfuge, is preferential to indirect subsidy.

"A government subsidy certainly should be government controlled, but not so as to restrict individual companies in carrying on their own business and initiative. No subsidy should be allowed to cloak a hidden drift to government ownership."

That is what ship-owners fear is folded into the eighty-eight pages of H.R. 8555.

Official View—To which Col. J. Monroe Johnson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, answers:

"Five men may not be able to build a fleet of 600 or 700 vessels overnight, but should be able, within a few years, to do much toward building up a strong merchant marine that would give the United States its share of the world's commerce.

"No matter what the subsidy costs, it can easily be returned to the United States in prosperity. There never has been a great business in this country that has not had a subsidy of some kind."

Ship-owners do not like the kind prescribed by H.R. 8555.

NOT SO TOUGH: Capone Stabbed With Scissors by Fellow Prisoner at Alcatraz

"I have no friends!"

So complained the beefy underworld gang-lord, Alphonse Capone, to Walter Winchell in a Miami interview years before *Uncle Sam* caught up with the Chicago racket king and sent him to Alcatraz for income tax evasion.

Last week, James C. Lucas, twenty-six-year-old Texas bad man, Federally branded the toughest tough guy in the United States, grabbed a pair of scissors and ripped off one of the four-inch blades. Lunging ten feet across an Alcatraz prison passage, he jammed the steel into Capone's back.

Capone whirled and sent Lucas reeling with a flood of heavy blows.

Lucas went into solitary confinement, "the living hell" of America's Devil's Island.

Smart to the rules which may get him parole before the end of his eleven-year sentence in 1942, Capone stood clear of his attacker, and walked to the prison hospital.

To 100 prisoners—Capone's foes—the prison grape-vine whispered of Lucas's unsuccessful assassination attempt. These had sworn to "get" the little scar-faced convict; they accuse him of "ratting and scabbing" during a prison riot in January.

Acme

Al Capone, in palmier days

In spite of his plaint, "Scarface Al" rose to undisputed overlordship in America's underworld through a friend. One of the Brooklyn Boys in immediate post-war rackets, he was a friend of Johnny Torrio, who was taken to Chicago as bodyguard by Big Jim Colisimo in the early 'twenties, and soon after brought out Capone to run his infamous Four Deuces Club.

A few will whisper, very low, that Torrio remained the real brains of the Capone mob right up to Capone's conviction.

Torrio and Capone took over the Colisimo rackets with Mr. Colisimo's luxuriously funeraled demise. Those rackets they did not eventually control outright they were likely to have a secret financial interest in. Even enemies found it smart to give Capone a cut for protection.

Racket Chief—When Torrio quit the Windy City he left Capone in control of Chicago and hard-shooting Cicero, with tentacles reaching into every major city in America. When the income tax ax fell in 1934, the Capone mob continued to operate as if he were at the helm.

For a time, liquor interests, underworld racketeers, gamblers, vegetable and wholesale produce merchants, truckers, garages, a score of labor-unions, continued to pay Frank Fitty, Capone cashier, for the privilege of living. "Bottles" Capone, Al's brother, ran the rackets in his brother's name and might.

Then younger hoodlums began to get restless. Old hands began to melt away.

One of the first to go was Al Pignano, reliable Capone lieutenant. Machine-Gun Jack McGovern, once accused of the Valentine Day massacre and famous for his Blonde Alibi—whom he later married—was shot down while bowling. Others followed. There was no open dissension, but a great deal of "independent work" by the remains of the old Capone mob. The rackets stopped paying into the Capone treasury, altho he is still considered a power in Florida and big city gambling.

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Topics in Brief

WARNING! Don't smoke a campaign cigar in a telephone-booth.—*Atlanta Journal.*

RECENTLY a minister kissed the bride and handed the groom his money back.—*Florida Times-Union.*

EARLY estimates are that the new third party will do well to be a third of a party.—*Louisville Times.*

IN some cases the limb of the law acts like it had an artificial foot.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

As for the Democrats and Republicans, there isn't a car-load in a Coughlin.—*Dallas Morning News.*

THE United States will keep out of war if war doesn't come over here to get us.—*Portland Evening Express.*

BY now the public is also becoming familiar with the features of Mr. Landon's horse.—*Nashville Tennessean.*

AMONG the world's least known persons are the other patients of Dr. Dafoe of Callander, Ont.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

MOST easily forgotten thing in the world: The name of the Socialist candidate for the Vice Presidency.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SICK man or sick country, it is impossible to get well at a speed of 100 miles an hour. An ailment can't be stream-lined.—*Toledo Blade.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE reports an earthquake, but it may be an early summer boarder shuddering at pie for breakfast.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NOW, as a memory test, tell yourself the name of that mine in Nova Scotia and the names of the men who were trapped in it.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

IF all of the red tape were laid end to end, we imagine there would be a government investigation to see what it was doing there.—*Atlanta Georgian.*

SNOW Experts to Meet in Scotland.—Head-line.
And each, presumably, will take his own snow-shovel with him.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE Blum Government in France has launched a New Deal strongly reminiscent of our own. The many sidewalk cafés make it ideal country for the WPA worker.—*Barron's.*

IT'S just too bad for the Democratic Party that it couldn't have arranged to hold the business meeting that called it to Philadelphia during the scrapple season.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

AN astronomer announces that *Nova Herculis* has demonstrated that the universe is filled with stars which explode like superfirecrackers. He ought to have held that story for release on July 4.—*Buffalo Courier Express.*

IN the modern war game, they certainly don't mind discarding a king.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

CANDIDATE Landon is perfectly aware that the sunflower turns first to the East and then to the West.—*Dallas Morning News.*

NOTE to Townsend: It's bad enough to tell junior there's a *Santa Claus*, but to lead grandpa to believe there's one is unpardonable.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

CONGRESS has voted a half-billion dollars for the Navy. We laughed at those college boys, but the armament-makers draw their bonus in advance.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

GERMAN dramatic critics have been ordered to sleep a night before they write their reviews. Sleeping through the last act alone isn't believed to be enough.—*Hartford Courant.*

IF Don Quixote were here to-day, he wouldn't need to go about charging windmills all by himself. He could just run an ad in a newspaper and get all the followers he needed.—*Birmingham News.*

IT would be easy to believe a report that the Republicans pray nightly that President Roosevelt will not silence Jim Farley.—*Detroit Free Press.*

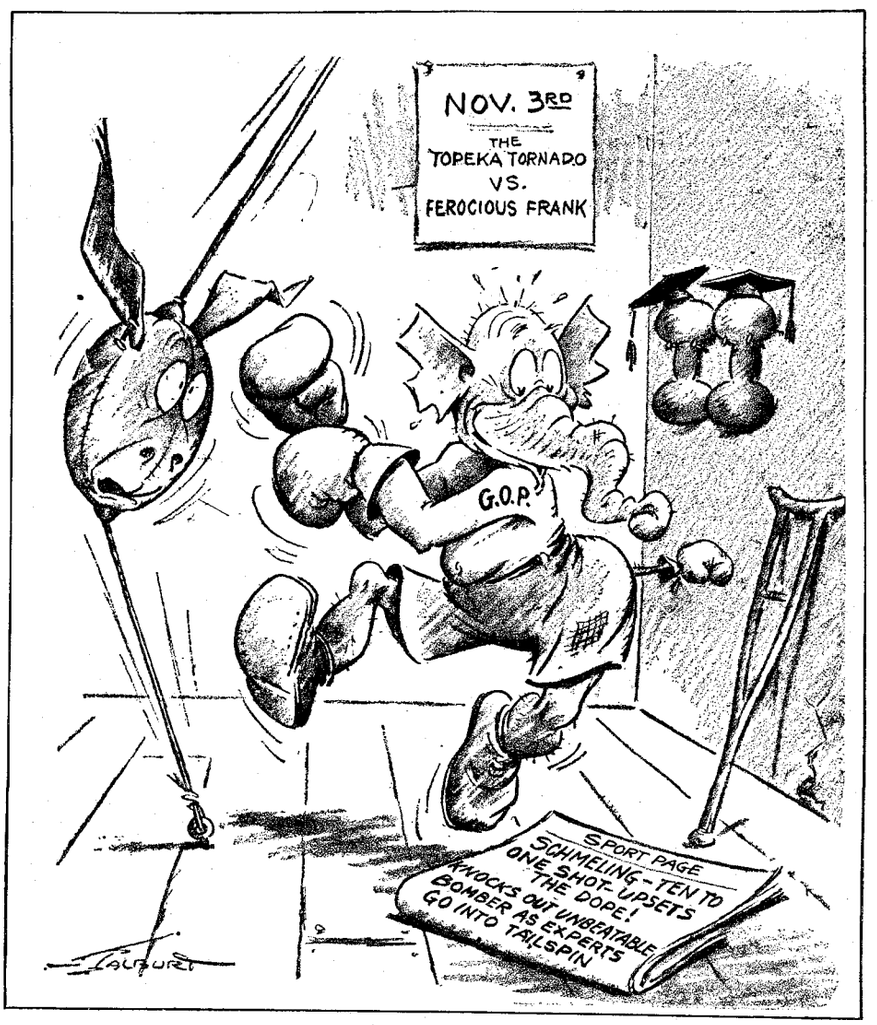
THE former Governor of Ohio, George White, returning from a world cruise, described Governor Landon as a "square shooter." Wearing octagonal glasses.—*New York Sun.*

A LONG ISLAND youth was arrested and fined for firing a revolver six times at the Atlantic Ocean. And quite right; he might have hit an incoming British lecturer.—*Kansas City Star.*

IN Basingstoke, England, two mushrooms lifted an eighty-three-pound block, but until some of the species can be imported, America may continue to rely upon the PWA.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

A SHAKESPEARIAN atmosphere seems to pervade the radical political camps. The New Deal palaver is a case of "Much Ado About Nothing," while the Union Party slogan might be: "A plague on both your houses."—*Indianapolis Star.*

A WRITER, describing the atrocious climate of Ethiopia, doesn't see what Mussolini is going to do with the country now that he has it. Well, it's a great place to which to promote popular young subordinates.—*Cedar Rapids Gazette.*



WHERE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE!

—Talburt in the Washington Daily News

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"SIGNOR TAFARI" FINDS CUPBOARD BARE

British Atmosphere Chills Haile Selassie; Geneva Cool, Too

A tragic little figure was Haile Selassie last week as he led his four children down to sprawling old Victoria station in London and piled them into a second-class coach.

When he arrived three weeks before, a roaring crowd of 5,000 had surged forward to greet the sight of his crimped hair and long gray cape. But, with England itching to drop sanctions and save her face before the League of Nations in her worst diplomatic debacle of generations, His Majesty's Government soon found the presence of "Signor Tafari"—as the Italian press dubs him—embarrassing. Only a meager handful of friends cheered feebly as he left.

While he shifted from boat-train to Channel packet and, at Calais, to train again, Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, ducked into a giant plane at Croydon and zoomed over the Channel.

In Paris he rushed out to Faubourg St. Honoré where, over the dinner-table of British Ambassador Sir George Clerk, he chatted with Socialist Premier Léon Blum and Foreign Minister Yvon Delbos.

Fellow Travelers—His dinner finished, Mr. Eden boarded the very same train on which "Signor Tafari," restlessly toying with a new gray hat, waited to be pulled over Alpine passes to Geneva. Once these two men saw eye to eye. Indeed, it was Mr. Eden who led the fight for punitive sanctions against the Roman aggressor of "Signor Tafari's" Empire.

Now, by a weird political about-face, Mr. Eden was leading the fight to drop sanctions and restore the triumphant aggressor to League of Nations grace. On the train the two men sat coaches apart.

"I am full of hope," said "Signor Tafari" when he departed from the somewhat chilled hospitality of Britain. But there was little hope for him. Switzerland, with the suavest courtesy, invited him to "refrain" from living in his villa at Vevey, just outside of Lausanne, "as long as the Italo-Ethiopian conflict is unsettled."

Hot Coal—And, in a single day early last week, the two most powerful nations of the League of Nations—Britain and France—had dropped bearded little "Signor Tafari" like the hot coal he had turned out to be. With him went famous Article X of the League Covenant—pledging members to "respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League"; and Article XVI, providing economic penalties for nations breaking this pledge. These guaranties, as has been repeatedly heralded, constitute the "cornerstone" of the League.

But, as "Signor Tafari" must have read in his London newspaper, the cornerstone was torn out when the House of Commons, by a vote of 384 to 170, ended trade sanctions against Italy. Tongue-lashes and a motion for censure by Laborites failed to stem England's diplomatic retreat.

Léon Blum's Left Government likewise added to the hopelessness of "Signor Tafari's" plight. Haunted by the fear that England might join hands with Germany and Italy, leaving France out in the cold, MM. Blum and Delbos drew up a frank document outlining radical France's plan for collective security.

Snug France—Like England, France jettisoned sanctions. Instead, still protesting "fidelity to the League," M. Blum proposed regional pacts for mutual assistance. One would include the Danubian States, another the Mediterranean nations, a third the countries of Western Europe, united to "end the crisis precipitated on March 7" (when Germany reoccupied the demilitarized Rhineland zone). In the center of each of these groupings France made a snug place for herself.

Pleased by this new, conciliatory tone from the Seine, Europe applauded.

After these preliminaries, "Signor Tafari" settled down in twelve rooms in Geneva's fashionable Carlton Parc Hotel to await the meetings of the League Council and the League Assembly.

Friends close to him say that he prepared a long note to the League, insisting that his Imperial Government still functions in Southwestern Ethiopia; and requesting money and arms for a return to Africa and a chance to wrest his Empire from Il Duce.

Finally, on Friday night, the Council met. While "Signor Tafari's" representative, tall slender Ras Nassibu, still showing the strain of his losing campaign against Italy's war-machine, waited silently beside the horseshoe table where sat accredited delegates, the Council hastily dropped the subject of sanctions and recognition into the lap of the next Assembly meeting.

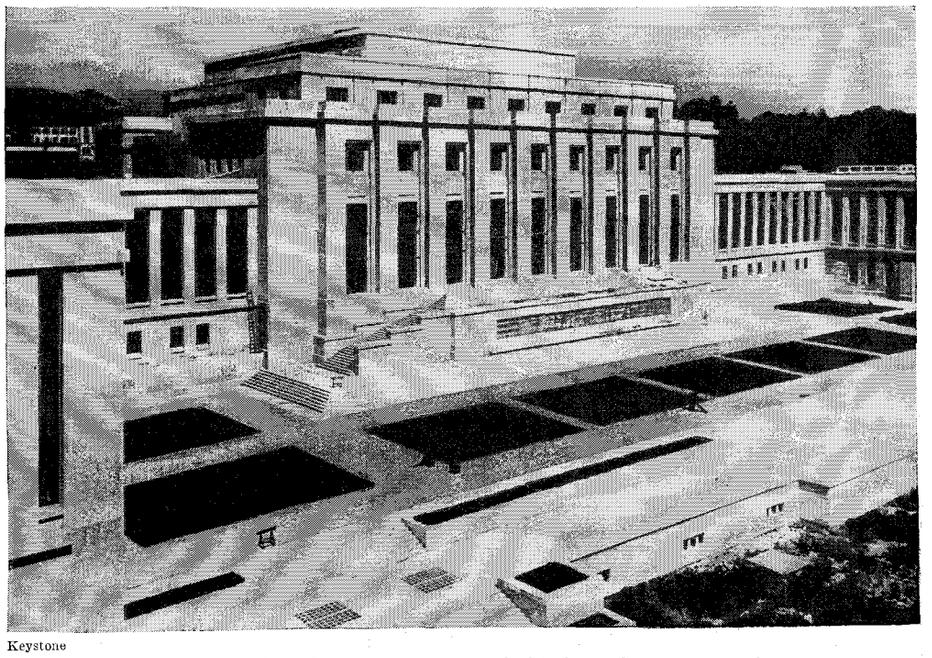
More Bombshells—Scarcely had the delegates drifted from the white stone quadrangle of the Peace Palace, than they heard that Nicaragua had resigned from the League, thus joining her Latin-American neighbors, Brazil, Costa Rica, Guatemala, and Paraguay. The League, said Nicaragua brutally, offered few benefits; she preferred a Pan-American League. Argentina and Chile threatened to follow her.

While Geneva rocked, another bombshell burst. Nazis in the Free City of Danzig, as if to underscore the general air of League impotence, declared League supervision over their erstwhile German city "superfluous." Hitler's Foreign office, through its mouthpiece, *Deutsche Diplomatische Korrespondenz,* backed up the Danzig Nazis.

Editorial Views—Press comment struck a dismal note. Italy, predicted Pertinax in the conservative *Echo de Paris,* "is not content with suppression of sanctions. . . . She demands revision of the League's policies." And revision, according to the Right-wing London *Morning Post,* is the "first indispensable step toward a saner reconstruction of international relations."

But liberal opinion differed sharply. The

Harris & Ewing



Keystone

Wanted neither in England nor in Switzerland, Haile Selassie has been asked to leave Geneva immediately after attending the meeting of the League in its new $7,000,000 building

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London *News Chronicle* jeered at the Government's policy of "panic and scuttle"; while the Manchester *Guardian* stormed: "Feeling has been growing that the Government no longer believes in the League except as an electoral necessity." Karl Radek, ace Communist editor, charged in *Izvestia,* official Soviet organ, that the "policy of British vacillation is leading to war." From the Winnipeg *Free Press,* liberal Canadian daily, comes the mournful cry: "The big news of the day is that the League has been torpedoed."

FORTS FOR TURKEY: Dardanelles Conference Meets to Wrangle Over Request

Forty uniformed police stood guard last week outside the Palace Hotel, a florid Victorian structure at Montreux on Lake Geneva, Switzerland.

It was the scene of the Dardanelles conference, requested by Turkey to consider the refortification of the ten-mile-wide strips which border the narrow straits between the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora —linking Europe and Asia. Mustapha Kemal Pasha, dictator at Angora, would also protect Istanbul by arming the banks of the Bosporus, which connects Marmora and the Black Sea.

Britain, France, and Japan, as guarantors of the Treaty of Lausanne, sent delegates. So did Bulgaria, Rumania, the U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia, and Greece as members of the permanent supervisory committee.

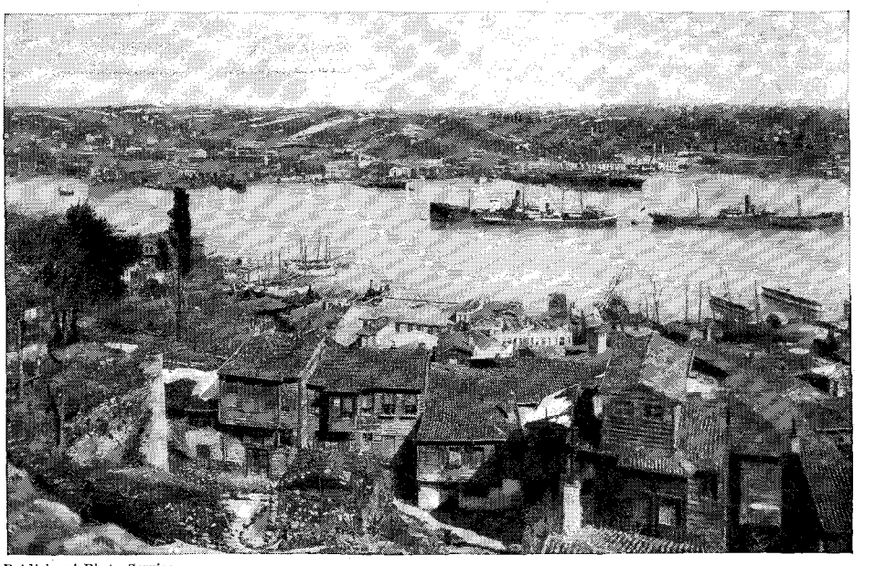
Treaty Observer—Tewfik Rushdu Aras, Turkey's bald, swarthy Foreign Minister, found himself in the position of a good little boy whose elders commended him for saying "please!" before they wrangled over his request. Turkey, instead of setting up heavy artillery following Hitler's move into the Rhineland, politely asked for revision, and Britain led the powers which congratulated her for law observance. But last week Earl Stanhope, King Edward's representative, balked at the demands.

Turkey wants in the Dardanelles, or lists for bargaining purposes:

1. Free passage for commercial ships in peace, and for neutrals in war-time.
2. The right to refortify.
3. A limit of 14,000 tons for the ships of each nation using the Straits, with total foreign tonnage kept to 28,000 at a given time.
4. An absolute submarine ban.
5. That no planes fly over the Straits.

Divided Views—The delegates split on Turkey's control, but they all favored refortification. Stanhope, because it would leave a strong and friendly Turkey behind Italy's Dodecanese Islands, back door of the Mediterranean, where Il Duce dares challenge British power. On the other hand, as spokesman for an anti-communist cabinet, he wants to block Russia. The struggle dates back to Victoria and the Czars. Imperial Russia strove to control the Straits as an outlet for a great navy. British statesmen fought to keep the Russians bottled up in the Black Sea. They still want to.

The Soviet Union, however, has a close alliance with the Turks. "Even tho Turkey has hanged thousands of communists," Joseph Stalin once put it, "there is no reason why she should not be our best friend."



Publishers' Photo Service

Istanbul, on the Bosporus, which Turkey hopes to refortify

Maxim Litvinoff, Soviet Foreign Commissar, and master of diplomatic bargaining, revived the Czars' old dream of making the Black Sea a Russian lake. He tried to persuade the friendly Turks to limit east-bound traffic in war ships, but to permit Russian ships free passage either way. France, which has a mutual assistance pact with Russia, licked at the sugar-coating with which he covered the pill: no limits should be placed on any ships acting on League orders. Both nations envisaged some German aggression against the communists in which France would hasten to the relief of her Russian ally.

In May, Turkey, flaunting a German-Italian bugaboo, had succeeded in persuading her allies in the Balkan League that the revision of the Lausanne Treaty favored their interests. Nicholas Titulescu, Rumanian Foreign Minister, however, still feared that Turkish control might endanger his country's invaluable oil shipments through the Dardanelles. He snapped hungrily at the League's sugar-coating which had tempted France. Greece and Yugoslavia followed his example.

Japan Backs Britain—Japan, as a potential Russian foe, backed Earl Stanhope's thesis. Fleets should have no more right to leave the Black Sea, he insisted, than to enter it. Having left the League, the Nipponese opposed any compromise based on Geneva's wishes. Moreover, they objected to Turkey's plan to inform the League that she was about to close the Straits if war threatened. The interested parties, Japan argued, were the Treaty signatories.

Bulgaria, pro-German and discontented with the Balkan set-up—she craves a port on the Ægean in addition to the Black Sea outlets she shares with Rumania and Russia—could not voice her objections at the conference, as she had no part in the Lausanne Treaty. Il Duce could have sent a representative, as Italy is one of the guarantors of the internationalized Straits. Pending the end of sanctions, however, he refused to play any international game. The vacant chair cast a gloom over the delegates.

"A Dardanelles accord would not be of the slightest value without Italy's participation," the *Tribuna* of Rome bluntly emphasized. "Thus the gentlemen in Montreux are waiting for Italy to reveal her mind, which, in turn, depends upon the nature of the decisions of the League of Nations."

Echoing the Roman newspaper's realism, delegates adjourned until after Geneva's sanctions meetings.

In Istanbul, the *Korum* awaited happy results, "as the Turkish demands menace none, but constitute an additional guarantee of peace." London proved less hopeful. Settlement of the thorny issue, the conservative *Morning Post* foretold, will require "more than good-will."

OLD HEIDELBERG: Nazi Coordination Stalks University Where Spinoza Preached Freely

Last week-end Germans and hundreds of delegates from foreign universities swarmed to a forest-shadowed city on the banks of the clear blue Neckar. Officially they came to celebrate the 550th anniversary of the founding of historic Heidelberg. Actually, many foreigners wanted to learn how well Dr. Bernhard Rust, Minister of Culture, had succeeded with his plans to Nazify education in the Third Reich.

Many outstanding universities had blackballed rites sponsored by "the avowed and shameless enemies of intellectual freedom." Stockholm and Oslo sent blunt rejections; Amsterdam compromised with congratulations, instead of a representative. When Oxford and Cambridge refused, Dr. Heinrich Groh, Nazi-named Rector of Heidelberg, withdrew all British invitations.

Columbia Fire—In the United States, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's acceptance for Columbia inspired students to toss several of his masterpieces—"The Meaning of Education," "The Faith of a Liberal," "Is America Worth Saving?"—on a bonfire.

Johns Hopkins and Harvard sent delegates; so did Yale, tho still condemning Germany's control of the schools. The College of the City of New York, which

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Heidelberg announced had accepted, insisted it had not even been asked.

Many critics believed the date, which coincided with the anniversary of the June 30, 1934, purge, had political, rather than historic, significance. Heidelberg applied for a charter in October, 1385, and classes started October, 1386.

During the Reformation it became the outstanding seat of Protestant learning. In the seventeenth century authorities lured Spinoza there by assuring him "the utmost freedom of philosophizing."

When Hitler came to power, that freedom vanished. During the spring of 1933, hundreds of German professors picked up morning papers to learn they had been fired. Of the 1,500 ousted throughout the Reich, Heidelberg lost forty-five. Altho some of the victims, like Dr. Albert Einstein, found posts abroad, the majority ended up working on card catalogs in public libraries and in similar work.

Culture Czar—Doctor Rust became the czar of Nazi education. A linguist, classical scholar, and, like the Leader, something of a painter and architect, he taught in a Hanover high school until five years ago.

Heidelberg, like other universities, changed its curriculum to comply with the anti-Semitic Minister's ideas. A course called the geology of the Alps became the geology of the Alps and military science; similarly, the early history of Germany became the early history of Germany and military science. Race theory—and Nordic supremacy—became compulsory in the university, where, formerly, all subjects were optional.

The number of students shrank. Under government restrictions, registrations throughout the country dropped from 100,000 to 55,000 in two years. Jews, entitled by their population ratio—less than 1 per cent.—to supply 500-odd students, found themselves eliminated by an entrance requirement: "national reliability."

European

Dr. Bernard Rust, czar of Nazi education, addresses some of Germany's 55,000 collegians

To take part in campus life and find jobs on graduation, students had to join the Nazi organization, *Studentenschaft*. It wangled the decree forcing all prospective college men to spend a year in the Labor Corps.

Recently, members got orders from national headquarters to turn out for Storm Troop drill. The régime frankly wants to turn out political students, soldier-students.

Color Fades—The picturesque features of Heidelberg life faded with coordination. "Gone are the old uniforms and the colored sashes that ran from right shoulder to left hip," the New York *Times* lamented. "Gone is the *Gemütlichkeit* in the beer-garden where the five corps were wont to gather and drink and sing, and where it was 'Baron' here and 'Count' there as the South German waitresses served foaming stone jugs with a *prosit*."

The aristocratic clubs dissolved voluntarily last autumn, to forestall an official ban. The Saxoborussia Corps had invoked the Leader's displeasure by a lively café argument on his method of eating asparagus.

"Wandering" also disappeared. In the old days Germans put in one semester at Heidelberg, another in some other college, to sit under a famous teacher. Doctor Rust himself studied at Göttingen, Halle, Munich, and Berlin. Now, only men high in Storm Troop and Special Guard ranks may transfer.

Yet, in spite of government regulation, students and faculty are more Nazified in theory than in reality. Doctor Rust constantly pours out warning blasts that the "intellectual revolution" is trailing all others. Ninety per cent. of the professors have valiantly resisted all pressure to make them join the party.

Their quiet opposition, however, lacks the news value of the regimented racial theorists. They can not compete in interest, for example, with a scientist who lectured before the Academy of Sciences.

"Mathematics may be variously interpreted," he announced. "There are English mathematics, Jewish mathematics, German mathematics. German mathematics is the best."

NO MORE SIESTAS: Spain's Radicals, Impatient With Azaña, Strike, Riot and Burn

Faced with a crazy-quilt of strikes, church burnings, party rifts, peasant risings and riots, Manuel Azaña's rule as President of Spain teeters perilously on a wave of discontent let loose by the very forces which carried him to power.

Popular as statesman and author, he united the Republican and Radical parties under a Popular Front to offset the solid Right, made up of landed proprietors, the Church and monarchist groups.

Hopes rose high among peasants and workingmen, who dunned their party leaders for immediate relief. For a time Socialists and Communists held their peace, trusting Azaña's régime would turn over the large estates to hungry, landless peasants and force the bosses to employ idle workers in industry.

Azaña's mild, evolutionary policy, however, blasted their hopes for quick action and led to industrial and agricultural unrest throughout Spain. Last week, after a series of about 350 strikes over a period of four months, Madrid was tied up by a construction walkout involving 120,000 workmen flying the red flag of Communism. Malaga farm workers, Asturias coal-miners, Aragon railwaymen, even snake-charmers, went on strike.

Acme

Spain's moderate Socialist leader, Indalecio Prieto, believes in slow popular reforms . . .

Wavering Officials—Undecided, the Government vainly appealed to feud-torn leaders of the Popular Front and threatened repressive measures, clamping down a rigid censorship which forced newspapers to come out with blank spaces.

Gloating over Azaña's embarrassment, Rightist leaders gathered figures to show the harm done by Radical upheavals. Through their leader, José Maria Gil Robles, the Catholic Party cried that 269 persons had been killed and 1,500 seriously wounded; 160 churches have been burned and 250 damaged since Azaña's victory in February.

Equally inflamed against Azaña are the Socialist and Communist sections of the Popular Front. Having elected him President last May, they expected his Cabinet to form a cross-section of the Radical Left instead of confining itself to Left Republicans. Unable to agree, Socialists split into two groups, the Moderate Socialists, under Indalecio Prieto, who believe in slow popular reforms, and the Left Socialists under Largo Caballero uniting with the Communists, who want swift revolutionary action.

Delay Protested—Both Radical groups, however, complain that the *Cortes* (Parliament) moves slowly, suavely deferring action on their demands that it institute the forty-hour week, set up unemployment insurance, confiscate Catholic schools and punish judges who hand down antilabor decisions.

Rightists, on the other hand, busily strengthen their forces, the while encouraging Radical complaints and violence.

Upsetting to Rightists and Leftists alike is the fast growth of Anarcho-Syndicalists, one-third of whom are said to be women. Last May the Iberian Anarchist Federation decided to amalgamate with the strong National Confederation of Labor, thus adding some 300,000 to its 10,000 members. Including non-chartered members, Spanish anarchists number about

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. . . while Largo Caballero receives support from his Communist followers for advocating swift revolutionary action

2,500,000, whom both Parties accuse of terrorism, citing the murder of scores of Barcelona employers at the hands of Anarchist *pistoleros* (gunmen).

Opposed to all parties are Spanish Fascists, led by Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the late dictator.

Shrewdly, young De Rivera from his jail cell urges his followers to join Anarchist organizations and incite riots, hoping that the Government will thus be forced to use repression, thereby arousing workers against it.

Clash of Leaders—Overhanging the whole situation is the open split between Prieto and Caballero.

While both talk of obtaining reforms by revolution, Prieto feels inclined to support Azaña's government. Caballero, impatient of slow progress, wants a combination of all labor-unions and threatens a final break with the Left.

Resorting to strikes, Caballero's men denounce employers for violating the minimum wage law, which prescribes five *pesetas* (about 68 cents) a day, contending that workers are getting as little as one *peseta*. To adjust wages they forced the Cortes to reestablish the Labor Courts, suppressed in 1931 by conservatives then in power.

Azaña, vexed by party divisions, bases his hope on his land reforms. "I want a very Left republic with certain Socialist institutions," he says.

SWARTHY AUTOCRAT:

Trujillo, Dominican Dictator, Rules With Iron Hand

For six years President Rafael Leonidas Trujillo has lorded it over the Dominican Republic as undisputed dictator. His enemies say he is a despot whose iron hand has wiped out opposition, clamped down on all freedom of press and speech and that he has enriched himself by monopolizing the country's key industries.

Closely allied with him as his right-hand man and mouthpiece is Vice President Jacinto Peynado, whose Santo Domingo residence proudly displays an electric sign, flashing with one-foot high letters in red, white and blue the motto: Dios y Trujillo (God and Trujillo).

Last week thousands of Dominican exiles and refugees living in Puerto Rico, Haiti, and New York and other American cities welcomed with joy the cabled news that Peynado was taking a "vacation" aboard the liner *Marques de Comillas*, bound for an unknown European port. Also "vacationing" in San Juan, Puerto Rico, was one of the dictator's six brothers, J. Arismendy Trujillo, nicknamed "Petain" after the Verdun hero.

Only "popular clamor" prevented the President himself from taking a year's "vacation" in the United States last fall, when he planned to place Peynado in the Presidency.

A New Slant—"Vacations" took on a new meaning as scraps of news smuggled from highly censored Santo Domingo indicated that "Petain's" exile was forced by his refusal to send the military band to a party given by Maria Martinez, his powerful brother's third wife. Angered, Maria had "Petain" arrested and drew her husband's attention to some 600 rifles and revolutionary manifestoes which soldiers are said to have found in his home.

"Petain's" exile let loose fresh rumors: Trujillo no longer feels love for his petite, fair-complexioned wife, the mistress whom he married after passage of a law enabling husbands to divorce childless wives.

Relying on his fondness for Ramfis, their natural-born, seven-year-old child, whom he made a full-fledged colonel at three, Maria got Trujillo to let her run the hardware and laundry monopolies.

Now that his love for Maria has cooled, Trujillo is ready to dispose of the wordly-wise, elderly Peynado, in whose home their marriage took place. Foremost to read Trujillo's doom in these events is Dr. Angel Morales, former Dominican Minister of the Interior, now an exile in New York. As President of the *Junta Revolucionaria*, he organizes the opposition of about 3,000 exiles abroad, keeping in close touch with happenings at home.

Doctor Called—Despite rigid secrecy, according to Doctor Morales, Trujillo's failing health necessitated the recent visit of a famous French cancer-specialist last year. But to the LITERARY DIGEST, Peynado radioed from shipboard:

President Trujillo in perfect health state stop country in complete peace stop information regarding revolt brothers absolutely ridiculous stop my relations with my illustrated chief absolutely fraternal.

Last year Doctor Morales narrowly escaped assassination in his New York apartment when, in his absence, a gangster fatally wounded his friend Sergio Bencosme.

Later, the grand jury indicted a relative of Trujillo's son-in-law and demanded his extradition.

Biding his time, Doctor Morales believes that Peynado's "exile" and "Petain's" sojourn portend a rebellion, led by his six brothers, against the dictatorship, despite the Army of 14,000 soldiers which cost Dominican taxpayers 16 per cent. of their total budget.

While his enemies speculate on his fate, Trujillo, undisputed, rules the Dominican Republic from the New World's oldest city, Santo Domingo, which he induced his Congress to rename *Ciudad Trujillo* (Trujillo City).

Proud Ruler—Trujillo, tall, sturdy, his hair combed back and his chest covered with medals, is proud of his reign of "peace and order." Trained in military matters by Marines, the ambitious *mestizo*—he is part Negro—rose with little education from the humble post of telegraph-operator.

Master of the country at thirty-eight, he began his reign by banning all but his own Dominican Party, forcing government employees to contribute 10 per cent. of their salaries as fees. One after another, his enemies fled the country after witnessing the quick disappearance or assassination of their leaders.

Swollen Purse—His wealth is now estimated at several millions of dollars. Trujillo's private purse swells steadily with large

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Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, dictator of Santo Domingo: an epidemic of vacations threatens his power

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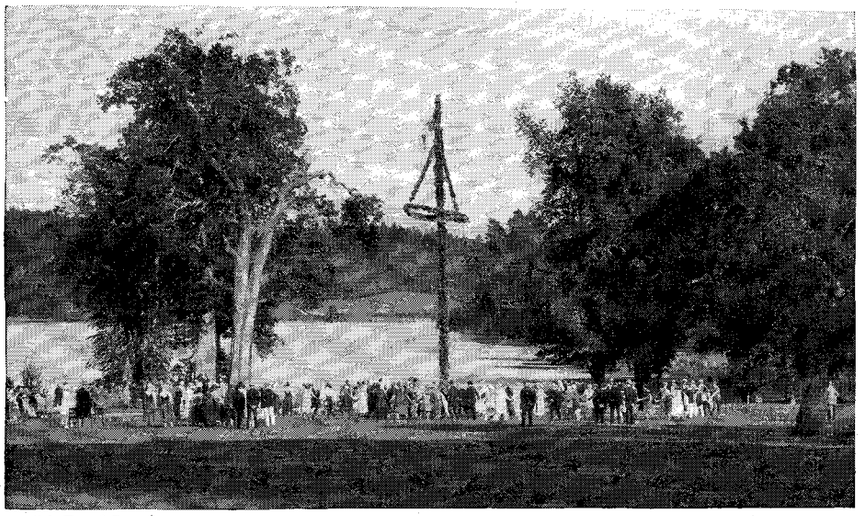

Swedish Travel Bureau

Midsummer's Eve: The appearance of the Midnight Sun, on the eve of June 23, is a gala occasion to natives in the North of Sweden

profits from the San Rafael Insurance Company, the Fabrica Dominica de Calzado, and his monopolies on salt, cigars, cigarettes, cattle, milk, butter, in addition to his 3,000-acre ranch, *Foundacion*, and his rice-land holdings.

Two years ago his four-year term as President ended at the insistent demand of his adulators that he be reelected for life. Hailing him as a savior of the Republic, generalissimo and peace-maker, they urged that he be cited for the Nobel Peace Prize because of his efforts in settling the long-standing boundary dispute with Haiti. Without opposition, they adopted the motto of "God and Trujillo" which carried him to victory as President for another term. They have showered him with university degrees, have created a Trujillo Province and have named the country's principal highway Generalissimo Trujillo. The largest and most modern bridge in Santo Domingo is named after his son Ramfis.

MIDSUMMER'S EVE:

Sweden Celebrates With Dancing After an Ancient Custom

It is almost midnight, but Siljan Lake shimmers bright as a blue sapphire on the carpet of Sweden's inland valleys. In the strange white light from the sky, the small red and white houses and the thin steeple of the white-washed church of little Rattvik stand out neat and trim as the birches lining the lake. Then suddenly the sun turns into a great red ball, sinking behind the mountains.

And now, in the purple twilight which never turns to darkness on this Midsummer's Eve, fires spring up on surrounding hillsides.

Music, gay and enticing, floats from a dozen sources across the little town. Doors fly open.

And through fresh-cut birch frames decorating the passageways, blossom-cheeked girls and strong-limbed youths leap forth. They swing along the streets in half-dance steps, while the plump and the old, the spectators at the celebration, straggle after.

"To the *majstang!*—The May-pole!"

There, about the tall spruce pole bedecked with flowers, the dancing takes form.

Square dances in which some of the older folk join, circle dances, dances of pantomimic gesture to songs about sowing and the harvest time, about love and lovers' quarrels. Patriarchal fiddlers, accordion players with long white beards set a tireless pace.

The trimly tailored secretary who arrived that evening from Stockholm 150 miles to the southeast has changed from her city clothes.

Like all the rest to-night, many petticoats flare outward beneath her whirling skirt with the gaily-striped apron. And her head-dress is a starched and pointed helmet of purest white.

Champion Jumper—The young man who leaps the highest in a dance—and who has caught her eye—has cast off tweeds for chamois breeches, an embroidered waistcoat and the wide-brimmed hat of ancient tradition. Once upon a time his leap would have been through fire, his reward from the gods the tallest field of flax; to-night he is not thinking of the original meaning of his dance.

Nor do many of the other dancers remember that fires for the god Balder used to light the hills on the Day of the Midnight Sun centuries before Christianity came to Scandinavia, tho they know that that magic midnight now falls on the twenty-third of every June. Few modern Swedes recall the origin of the May-pole in tree worship, or realize that the word has nothing to do with May; that the day when the sun reaches the highest point in the sky once was celebrated by pagan feasting, and that only centuries later was it drawn into the Christian calendar as the Feast of St. John.

In Stockholm and other large cities, twentieth-century apartment-dwellers have grown blasé. There, last week as for years past, the traditional dances and costumes were shelved for evening clothes and gala parties in smart night-clubs, making the occasion a kind of New Year's Eve; while the less formally dressed flocked with picnic lunches to the great green parks near-by.

Historic Celebration—But Rattvik, a peasant town, remembers Gustavus Vasa, who in 1519 made his escape from Denmark, where he had been held as hostage by the conquering Danish forces. Here in the central lake country, Gustavus rallied his peasant troops, finally to drive the Danes out of Stockholm in June, 1523. Thus, on Midsummer's Eve at Rattvik, half-forgotten pagan customs find new meaning in the date of modern Sweden's birth.

The day is celebrated in all Scandinavian countries—in Finland, where bonfires burn; in Norway, where tarred barrels blaze on the surface of the narrow fiords. In North Germany, holiday-makers light up the countryside with the "Fires of St. John."

In Rattvik, tho, when purple skies turn to the whiter light of morning, the celebrants turn homeward. The young secretary from Stockholm follows an ancient custom, stopping to pick a bouquet of seven wild flowers. A few hours' sleep with the blooms clutched tightly under her pillow—and should she dream of the young man whose hair was as yellow as his chamois breeches, whose eyes when he danced with her were brighter than any fire, a Midsummer Night's Dream—it would be a fitting climax to her Midsummer Eve.

FIGHTING WAR-LORDS:

Chinese Generals Accuse Japan and One Another

From Nanking, seat of the "Nationalist" Government which has never ruled all China, troops moved south last week. From Canton, the Southwest Political

Photos © International Acme

Chinese war-lords of the Southwest: (left to right) Chen Shen-tang, Li Tsun-jen, and Pai Chun-hsi, who threaten to plunge China into civil war against Chiang Kai-shek

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Council sent its men northward from Kwantung and Kwangsi Provinces into territory controlled by the Central Government.

Seven hundred thousand troops, it was reported, were surging toward a clash.

Even Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Nanking dictator who always keeps busy fighting Communists when Japan invades his country, flew to Hunan Province. Troops clashed in that Province, at Hengcho, and also in Kiangsi. Chiang refused to consider the Southerners' demands: war with Japan; denouncement of secret treaties with the invader; freedom for Chinese patriotic movements, and the restoration of free speech. Civil war, threatened since the Southerners demanded that Chiang rout the Japanese, appeared inevitable.

Behind the war-lords' high-sounding appeal, however, lurked their determination to punish their real enemy—not Japan, but Chiang. Chen Shen-tang, Li Tsun-jen and Pai Chun-hai, generals who compose the Southwestern Council, are the political heirs of the late Gen. Hu Han-min, who kept the Cantonese Army and the port's rich income in his snug military pocket.

Secret Control—Altho Hu, a veteran of the once idealistic Kuomintang, boasted he resisted three forces—Japan, Chiang's dictatorship, and Communism—his control in the South rested on a secret agreement with the Nanking boss.

To Chiang he owed the political and financial autonomy of Kwantung Province, which Canton dominates, and neighboring Kwangsi.

Last spring the secret pact died with Hu. Chiang sent emissaries south to add the two provinces to the eighteen he already ruled. Chen, multimillionaire who amassed his money by forcing walled farm-villages to pay protection against his looting mercenaries, had no intention of sharing his wealth with Chiang.

At Hu's funeral, he persuaded the Kwangsi commanders, Li and Pai, to join him in refusing Nanking's demands. Their united forces could count on Chen's arsenal six miles out of Canton, his German officers and American planes.

They called themselves the Anti-Japanese Salvation Army, but they were gunning for Chiang.

Not since 1911, when Dr. Sun Yat Sen led the revolt which ousted the Manchus and made China a Republic, have troubled Celestials faced a bloodier civil war. Peasants looked forward fearfully to its cost: many are already so poor that they pawn their crops in summer and their field implements in winter, and sell their children whenever they can find a buyer.

Tokyo Accused—Nanking charged that Japan was financing the rebels, and sending them 10,000 rifles, twenty air-planes, and 10,000 barrels of cement, in exchange for trade privileges in the south. At any rate, China's troubles with the Nipponese continued in the north. After Celestials fired at Japanese smugglers from a customs patrol-boat, Japan threatened "firm, appropriate action."

At Peiping, she showed her power by adding 3,000 additional soldiers to her garrison in the old imperial city. In a display of strength to both Chinese and foreigners, troops paraded through the Legation quarter.

Two Americans and a Frenchwoman who crowded too close to the sentry-lined streets felt the blunt thrusts of bayonet-armed soldiers.

One of the victims, Capt. Henry S. Jernigan of the United States Army, who wore mufti at the time, complained to a Chinese policeman. "Citizen," the harassed official murmured, "you will save my face if you will move on quietly. I can do nothing with the Japanese."

Altho not formally protesting, the United States and France requested an explanation of the incident.

COME UNTO ME YE THAT ARE HEAVY LADEN AND I WILL SELL YOU UP
CHURCHGOERS PLAY THE GAME PAY FOR YOUR OWN RELIGION
HAS NYBODY HERE SEEN NNAH
TITHEPAYERS DEMAND THE CHURCH

Acme

British farmers show what they think of the tithe collected for the Church

QUEEN'S BOUNTY: Farmers March on Downing Street to Protest Tithe-Paying

> We've cheated the parson,
> We'll cheat him again;
> For why should the parson
> Collect one in ten?

Carrying large banners and placards, 5,000 husky British farmers last week jammed busy Whitehall Street in London and marched toward No. 10 Downing Street to lay their protests against the age-old church tithes which they wish revoked before Stanley Baldwin's Cabinet.

Banners shrieked: "We shear sheep, the Church shears us!" . . . "Churchmen be sportsmen. Pay for your religion."

Groaning under the burden of "Queen Anne's Bounty," the yearly payment representing one-tenth of their income, which the Crown transferred in favor of the Church in 1704, farmers renewed the century-old battle. Tithe-owners, mostly churchmen, are opposed to its cancellation, contending such action would hamper their spiritual and educational work.

Unable to get satisfaction from the Government, English farmers armed themselves with sticks and guns, dug trenches around their farmsteads and fought off bailiffs sent to seize their cattle. Joining the farmers' cause, Lady Evelyn Balfour, daughter of the famous statesman, was recently cited for "unlawful assembly" when she helped Essex and Sussex strikers battle against police escorting bailiffs.

Political Issue—Championing striking tithe-payers are members of the Labor Party and the Opposition Liberals in the House of Commons; conservative Lord Hugh Cecil defends the claims of tithe-owners, bitterly jealous of their rights. They fall into two classes: Queen Anne's Bounty, a Church organization which collects and distributes tithes in the interest of clergymen, and the Tithe-Owners, largely composed of universities, colleges, church charities and individuals.

With more than 5,500 unpaid tax claims before the Courts, a Royal Commission began two years ago to study the problem. This year Parliament took up its findings and devised a bill which reduces the tithe rent charges payable October 1, cancels them thereafter and holds farmers liable only for unpaid arrears.

The Bill also provides that tithe-owners are to be compensated by a government stock issue of $300,000,000 redeemable in sixty years at a lower rate. To come to the immediate relief of needy clergymen $10,000,000 will be appropriated and distributed among them.

Ancient Tribute—Inherited from Biblical times, the tithe institution worked its way into England from Continental Europe, where the Christian Church levied it as belonging to God for blessing the crops with abundance. In England, as early as 786 A.D., tithes were exacted from all lands except those belonging to the Church and the Crown, payable in services or profits.

Under the present Tithe Acts of England, a fixed charge has been substituted for tithes to support parishes. The rate is a percentage of the rent of houses, shops and other properties. By the Commutation Act of 1836 tithed land was made to bear a charge based on the money value of the corn or other products. Since then, altho farm lands have been left uncultivated as grass-lands, husbandmen are made to pay tithes on corn which they could have raised on them.

In the Middle Ages the tithe levy represented the monarch's right to his subjects' "first fruits." Later it shifted to one-tenth of a farm's produce, and eventually to a land tax which the Church collected. After the Reformation in the sixteenth century many laymen acquired tithes by purchase and royal gifts. To-day private owners get a yearly income of $5,000,000, while the Church takes in $11,000,000.

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EXPLODING STAR'S 3,000-YEAR-OLD RAYS

Cosmic Chaos a Possible Duplicate of Earth's Birth Process

In 1064 B.C., about 100 years after Menelaus and his Greeks sacked Troy and recovered the beauteous Helen from her Trojan lover, a star exploded in the northern constellation Lacerta.

The light of the blast, traveling toward the earth at 186,000 miles a second, had come about a tenth of the way when Rome was founded by Romulus in 753 B.C.; when the Maya began their civilization in Central America it had traveled about a sixth.

History Spanned—A third of the distance had been covered when Julius Cæsar was assassinated, 44 B.C.; half the distance when an earthquake destroyed the City of Rome, at the end of the Western Roman Empire, 476 A.D.

When the Revolutionary Fathers won independence for the United States, it had a mere 900,000,000,000,000 miles to come through celestial space.

Two weeks ago a star-gazer at Delphos, Ohio, sweeping the sky with his telescope, saw a "new star" blaze suddenly in Lacerta. He telegraphed the Harvard Observatory, clearing-house for astronomical information in America, that a nova was blooming in the sky.

Light at last had reached the earth from an explosion 3,000 years old.

Camera Record—The big telescopes of the nation were trained on Lacerta last week. The new star grew as bright as the Pole Star; it glistened brightly for two nights, then began to fade, as novæ always do. Astronomers looked up old charts of the heavens, and found that the nova in Lacerta was faintly recorded on photographic plates as far back as October 11, 1893.

Then it was of the fifteenth magnitude, visible in only the strongest telescopes.

The faintest stars seen by the unaided eye are of the seventh magnitude; the Pole Star's magnitude is 2.1.

Astronomers are extraordinarily interested in "new stars," chiefly because they can not account for them.

Some stars seem to blow up like corn in a popper.

Occasionally the same star explodes again and again, blasting off into space terrific shots of hot gas, molten star matter and light. Some astronomers think the mysterious cosmic rays, which bombard the earth from all quarters, may also come from novæ.

Array of Explosions—Some seventy such firecracker stars have been studied in historical times, mostly in the region of the Milky Way. The first astronomer to see one was the keen-eyed Dane, Tycho Brahe, who was startled to observe a new star blaze in the constellation Cassiopeia in 1572. He asked his field hands and house-servants if they saw it too—he doubted the trustworthiness of his eyes.

The most famous recent nova was Herculis, which appeared in 1934, and blasted twice within a year before it cooled down to an almost invisible cinder in the constellation Hercules.

Another double exploder was Nova Ophiuchi, which flashed in 1897 and again in 1933.

A star known as T. Pyxidis let go three times, in 1890, 1902 and 1920.

Leslie C. Peltier of Delphos, Ohio . . . looks at the skies to see what's happening

Possible Explanations—Photographs and studies of the light given off by novæ haven't revealed why they explode. The most widely accepted theories:

1. Stars collide, the crash liberating enormous quantities of heat and light.

2. Some kinds of stars are inherently unstable; they get hot faster than the heat can radiate away. From time to time they valve off the excess by exploding.

3. Explosions may be a part of the regular history of all stars.

It may have been an explosion of our own sun, ages ago, that produced the planets and the earth.

Scientists Stirred—Out in Delphos, Ohio, the young man who discovered Nova Lacerta was only mildly interested, tho the big observatories were agog over the discovery.

Leslie C. Peltier, former farmer and garage mechanic, is used to the kind of fame his discovery brought him. A commercial draftsman now by day, he is an amateur astronomer at night.

In a cornfield near his home at Delphos, Mr. Peltier (pronounced Pel-teer) had built a small wooden observatory with a revolving dome. In it, with a six-inch telescope lent by the Harvard Observatory, he nightly sweeps the skies when the weather is clear.

He is probably the best-known amateur star-gazer in the world.

Eighteen years ago he read "The Friendly Stars," the book of another amateur star lover, Martha Evans Martin. He was so impressed by the captivating description of the heavens that he made a two-inch telescope of some old lenses and a metal tube, and began observing variable stars.

Since then both Princeton University and Harvard have lent him larger telescopes. He has observed more than 47,000 stars and was sole discoverer of three comets, codiscoverer of three others. In 1933, when Nova Ophiuchi exploded for the second time, he was first to report it to Harvard.

He discovered his sixth comet a month ago; in the astronomy text-books it will bear his name, as two others now do. They will be numbered consecutively in the order of discovery.

Peltier 3 was more than 120,000,000 miles away when he spotted it, moving toward the sun.

Next week it will become visible to unaided eyes.

By the end of July it will be within 20,000,000 miles, less than a fourth as far away as the sun. If the tail grows long enough, Peltier's comet will be a striking sight.

Star-gazers with opera-glasses or small telescopes may see it now, moving southeast in the constellation Cassiopeia.

Joint Enthusiasts—Mr. Peltier is now thirty-three. He was married three years ago to Miss Dorothy Nihiser, who is also a star enthusiast. They look at the skies nearly every clear night, their hours depending on whether they see anything interesting. Delphos and all nearby communities are proud of the Peltiers and their observatory.

Crowds of neighbors come to view it on Sundays.

Mr. Peltier is often asked why he doesn't join the staff of a big observatory. He replies, categorically: (1) he hasn't received any offers; (2) he would rather remain a free lance.

Professional astronomers seldom have time for such relaxation as he enjoys: sweeping the skies just to see what is happening.

Busy with calculations and intricate equations, carefully-checked routine observations, and other forms of systematic study, they seldom can tear themselves away from work to go adventurously exploring like Amateur Peltier.

FIST-SIZE EMERALD: Dozen Large Gems Brought to U. S. From Russian Mine

In a glass-topped show-case at the American Museum of Natural History in New York last week, visitors stared wistfully at twelve rough lumps of rich green stone. One of the emeralds was as big as a clenched fist; the others ranged all the way down in size to a marble.

Proudly, Dr. Herbert P. Whitlock, the Museum's Curator of Minerals and Gems, extolled the merits of this extraordinary exhibit, lent by importers for a week's display.

It was the biggest assortment of uncut emerald crystal ever brought into this country at one time.

They had come from the Ural Mountains in Soviet Russia, from the famous emerald-mine near Ekaterinburg, where the last Czar of All the Russias and his family were murdered. Sweating Slavs, few of whom had been there when their ruler perished, had worked endless hours in the long,

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twisted veins hundreds of feet below the snowy slopes, scratching away in the brittle, glittering mica-schist to gather the twelve gems that were to dazzle Americans—twelve stones that weighed only 50,000 carats (about thirty pounds) as against the tons of earth they had loosened.

Doctor Whitlock refused even to guess at their value, which depends on how they shape up after cutting; but practical chemists, remembering that good emeralds sell for as much as $300 a carat, looked at them with special interest. The materials in even the finest emeralds could be bought for only a few cents. What's in them? Some silicon, which is found in sand and quartz; a bit of aluminum, which makes up one-thirteenth of the earth's mineral content, and beryllium, a white metal closely resembling silver.

Synthetic Product—The catch is that Nature's secret process for putting these ingredients together to make emeralds has not yet been revealed to man. European experimenters have made some tiny stones, but at greater cost than natural ones. Recently the German chemical combine, the I. G. Farbenindustrie, announced that it had learned how to make emeralds, but no samples are yet on the American market.

Rubies and sapphires are simpler. Synthetic ones, chemically identical with natural stones, have been produced commercially since 1910, when the French chemist August Verneuil smelted them in an oxyhydrogen flame—the principle of a welding torch—at a temperature about half as hot as the surface of the sun.

Both rubies and sapphires are composed of aluminum oxid, melted and crystallized. The colors are produced by traces of various metals. Factory workers start with chemically pure alumina, or aluminum oxid, made by roasting ammonium alum in a huge, cylindrical gas furnace much like a brick-kiln, at 2,400 degrees Fahrenheit. The feathery powder that results is mixed with coloring agents—for rubies, a chromium salt; for bluish sapphires, manganese; for the royal blues, cobalt and magnesium. "White" sapphires contain titanium and iron; stones that look like emeralds, but are not, can be made by coloring the alumina with cobalt and vanadium.

Scientific Process—The mixed powder is fed slowly into the hot flame, and falls onto a little table made of a special fireproof composition, scooped out in the middle like a crucible. There the powder piles up and begins to shimmer with heat. At the tip of the pile, a brilliant molten spot appears. More powder is added; then, into the little puddle of melted alumina, a tiny "seed crystal" is dropped. The hot liquid builds on the crystal, following its internal pattern.

When cooled, the object on the little table looks like a large icicle, with a brilliant, globe-shaped jewel at the tip. From this "boule," single stones of from thirty to 300 carats may be cut. These synthetic gems are chemically the equal of the genuine, but physically they are more perfect, because Nature's flaws have been eliminated.

But the return from all this work, compared with the value of the natural gem, is disappointing, says Charles Heller, prominent synthetic jewel manufacturer. The artificial stones sell for about $3 a carat. Jewelry experts detect them instantly when they are palmed off as natural stones, principally because of lack of natural flaws. While synthetic gems are not, like the genuine, shot through with minute needles of other minerals, they have telltale microscopic bubbles instead.

Nevertheless, factories at Paris and Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, turned out about 20,000,000 carats of synthetic rubies and 12,000,000 carats of sapphires last year. Most of them are cut like natural stones and made up into jewelry. The small imperfect ones are used as jewels in watches and precision instruments.

SCIENCE SHORTS: Electricity in Blood, New Earthy Scents, Wild Duck Tragedy Discovered

Each of the billions of red blood-cells in a man or animal is a tiny battery, carrying an electrical charge along with its life-giving oxygen as it courses through the body.

Dr. Laurence S. Moyer and Dr. Harold A. Abramson of the Biological Laboratory, Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, have been measuring the charge. They reported last week to the American Physical Society that if the electricity from the blood-cells of a full-grown man could be made to pass through a twenty-five-watt electric bulb, he could read by its light for at least five minutes.

* * *

Something new in perfumes, perhaps "Odor of Earth," "New-Cut Wood," or possibly "Terre sillonneé" are promised by Dr. Arnold Raistrick, of the Rothamsted Experimental Station at Harpenden, England. He has discovered special soil bacteria, living on organic matter and helping transform it into plant food, that produce the characteristic scents of fresh-plowed fields in spring, of earth after a strong rain in summer, of freshly-felled trees.

Many a sportswoman, thinks Doctor Raistrick, would welcome such rural "costume perfumes"—perhaps a distinctive country odor for her tweeds, or a bit of scented persuasion when she writes her friends to come to her country place for a week-end.

* * *

Wild ducks may die of lead poisoning, even when the hunter misses. United States Bureau of Biological Survey experts investigated, wondering why so many wild ducks grow sluggish, lose their power of flight, and finally die.

They found that birds, feeding off the bottoms of ponds shot over by hunters, scoop up the lead pellets. One bird was carrying 288 shot in its gizzard. The metal slowly poisons them.

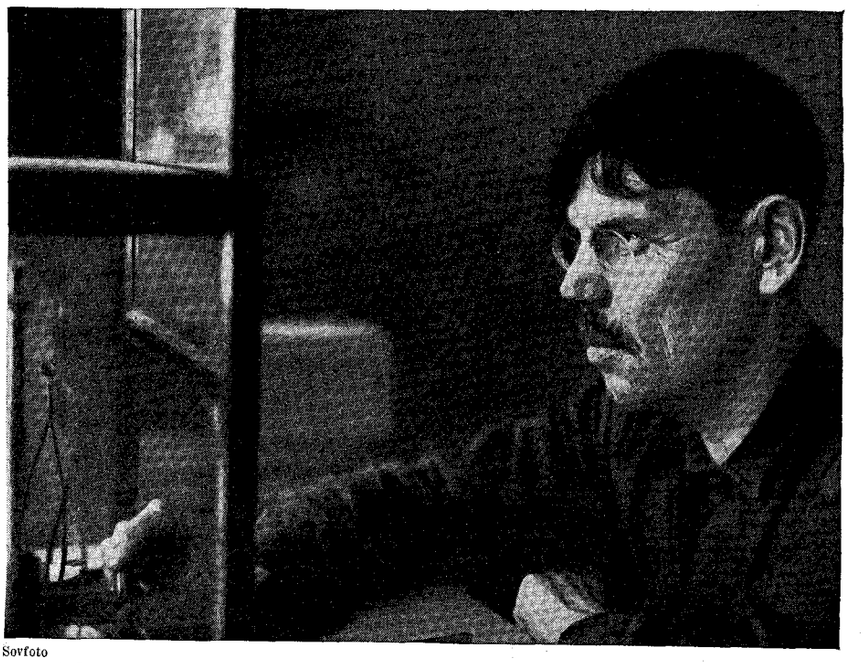
The Biological Survey called in Dr. Robert G. Green of the Medical School, University of Minnesota, and Prof. Ralph L. Dowdell, of the University's School of Mines. They finally devised an alloy of lead and magnesium that doesn't poison ducks. Just as good as pure lead for buckshot, it disintegrates in water. The Biological Survey is now asking shot manufacturers to use it for next season's shells.

* * *

Prehistoric miners did the prospecting for modern mining companies in Serbia which are rediscovering the vast lead, silver, and zinc wealth of that country. Ages ago, at the beginning of the Age of Metals, miners worked the veins with crude tools. Now, reports George L. Walker in *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, miners seek the earth scars that remain from those early operations. And with their modern tools they are uncovering wealth that the early Serbian miners could not reach.

* * *

No sixth sense is necessary for one person to detect the presence of another coming into a dark room. A sensitive skin does the trick, according to the report of Dr. J. D. Hardy and Dr. T. W. Oppel of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology and the New York Hospital, by detecting the heat the other person gives off. Human skin, they found, can detect temperature changes smaller than those affecting even the most sensitive laboratory thermometers.



Sovfoto

A Soviet worker weighs an uncut emerald from one of the mines in the Ural Mountains

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PROMISE OF EXCITING BROADWAY PLAYS

Producers Pick Protest, Historical and Front-Page Themes

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Highlights scheduled for Broadway's next season: the return to the stage of Maude Adams . . .

When the summer glares down on Broadway, the theater is among the first to shrivel. Box-office windows slam shut, customers vanish to the beaches and hills, dramatists fly to Hollywood.

Canny as well as talented, most of them leave a play or two behind for the new season in the fall. In a hundred broiling cubicles, astute managers, coatless, tieless, frying, read through stacks of new plays and begin to map the program for the winter.

The Outlook—They have chosen more than a hundred plays for the season of 1936-'37. It is possible that sixty of these actually will be produced. Before Labor Day another positive fifty will have been chosen, will have been tentatively cast, firmly financed.

The few critics remaining on Manhattan's brassy sidewalks have studied the list and agree that it portends a vigorous, exciting season.

"Using a secret formula composed of old hat crowns, two ounces of sifted aspirin and a crystal globe from the World's Fair of '93," John Whitney wrote in the Newark *News*, "your seer is in a position to state that next season the Drama will concern itself with Napoleon, labor news, protest and scattering plays dealing impiously with famous personalities. The front pages will furnish some aid, too."

Already three plays about Napoleon have been formally announced, altho two are without title. "St. Helena," about his last days on the island, will have Paul Muni as the deflated emperor. One untitled play deals with his life just before the debacle, and will have Peter Lorre as the Corsican. The third will be a backstairs gossipy item concerning his romance with Josephine.

Thomas Chatterton is down for attentions from two plays, one untitled. The other, "The Piper's Son," is described as a humanizing effort.

Celebrities rating one play each will be:

Andrew Jackson in "Rachel's Man."

Mustapha Kemal Ataturk in "Without a Crown."

Mme. Magda Lupescu and King Carol in "The Lady in the Window."

Lord Byron, as a youth, in "Haunted by Angels."

Michelangelo in "Dark Angel."

Kit Marlowe in "Kit Marlowe."

There will be at least two Hamlets, and others are threatened. Leslie Howard promises a once-postponed version, and Guthrie McClintic will bring London's pet, John Gielgud, over to play the Dane.

Peeled straight from the front pages are:

"Sour Mountain," based on the Scottsboro trials.

"They Took the Town," dealing with an army of newspaper men covering a sensational trial in a once-placid village.

"American Holiday," suggested by a New Jersey factory where workers painting watch dials contracted radium poisoning.

. . . Paul Muni as "Napoleon," a role which he played in the movies years ago . . .

"Stage Door," a satire on the radical element in the theater.

"The Tunnel," based on silicosis cases among tunnel-diggers in West Virginia.

"The Lonely Man," the story of a Lincoln-like young college professor who tries to aid Kentucky coal-miners and fails.

"Vermont Rebels Again," dramatization of events in the marble quarry strike.

"Love of Women," a study of the thought processes of a recent murderer.

Many Novelties—Novelties already written and arranged for production include:

George Abbott's "very free" adaptation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which the author-actor-producer describes as having nothing "very funny or satirical about it," but would be a big production to be done "for all the emotion there is in it." He will call it "Sweet River."

"Queen's Folly," a play beginning in Elizabethan times and ending in 1933.

"Wild Violets," which will require, among other gigantic efforts, a vast ice skating rink.

"Ten Million Ghosts," is Sidney Kingsley's new play. He describes it as "quite different from 'Dead End' in mood and technique." It will have a non-realistic staging and will be played in an international locale. It will have to do with war and war's violent consequences.

"World's Fair on Wheels," among the novelties, is its own best description.

"White Horse Inn" will require the complete remodeling of a theater into a duplicate of a Tyrolean village.

"Chastity My Brother" will deal with St. Paul's conversion of a Greek girl.

"The Women" will be a play about and with its subject title, there being nineteen in the cast, no men.

Comedy Line-Up—Comedy patrons will relish the news that the Spewacks have completed a sequel to their successful Hollywood burning-at-the-stake: "Boy Meets Girl." It is called "Pal Meets Gal."

John Golden has tackled an undertaking long promised: to bring Maude Adams back to the theater. Three years ago she toured in "The Merchant of Venice," playing Portia. Since then, many managers have sought to bring her to New York. She was reluctant until Mr. Golden showed her "Glory," by Adelyn Bushnell.

The play has a Maine setting and in it Miss Adams would be a feminine counterpart of the beloved Frank Bacon character in "Lightnin'."

Dramatic interest in the plot is supplied by conflict between a sharp-tongued, wise woman, equipped with a salty sense of humor and values, and an escaped convict.

COURAGEOUS FILM: Biography of Florence Nightingale a Factual, Human Document

When, only a few months ago, the artful Warner Brothers released "The Story of Louis Pasteur" it was commonly believed that all Hollywood would suspend the manufacture of cake and candy films in penthouse settings, turning, instead, to a frantic cycle of hospital dramas.

The Pasteur film was a magnificent

Alfredo Valente Photo. Courtesy *The Stage*

. . . and Leslie Howard, as "Hamlet"

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achievement for the screen. It was a straightforward account of the bitter struggles of one of humanity's definite heroes. Temptation to bathe the biography in a torrent of tears was frowned down. The result was a film of stature and integrity.

Heartened by public response to the torments endured by Pasteur, the Warners turned next to "The White Angel," the noble story of Florence Nightingale. Almost at once, they found themselves blocked. Pioneer Pictures had filed with the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences a notice of its intention of screening the same story.

An arbitration court eventually ruled that the Warners had prior rights, and an observer at the arbitration hearing permitted himself a *faux pas* that aroused giggles around the world.

"It was nice to see you win the 'Florence Nightingale' rights," he bubbled to a Warner brother. "Tell me, who will you get to sing the title rôle?"

Stifling any glee the producers may have experienced in this jest, the Warner studio set seriously and dutifully to work on a film glorifying the English woman who made nursing the great profession it is.

Due attentions have been paid to the heroism of Miss Nightingale and every possible homage is paid her memory, but when the picture is ended one is touched not so deeply by the heroine spirit as by the abiding humanness that has been poured into the film.

Courage—The scenarist, Mordaunt Shairp, has been firm in his intention to hew to the facts of the Nightingale story. No discernible liberties have been taken. The emerging picture is factually the courageous biography of *The Lady With a Lamp*.

Appalled by the hospital scandals made public by her father, Miss Nightingale determined to study abroad for a nurse's career. Her father, superintendent of London hospitals, stood by, encouraged her.

The dreadful conditions in the military hospitals in the Crimea became common London gossip; once again, outraged by the stupidity and cruelty of contemporary medical science, she vowed to do all she could to correct the shame. Permitted at last to organize a war service unit, she went to the Crimea and found herself balked by irritated staff officers.

In the end, of course, she conquered, her indomitable spirit transforming the sty of the base hospital into a clean, efficient repair station for broken men.

Once she accomplished this, resentment and resistance melted. The public, long on the side of the army in its attempts to frustrate her, was loud in her support. Queen Victoria formally recognized the Nightingale victory.

Three persons could easily have flooded such a story with syrup and tearful hokum.

Scenarist Shairp yielded to the peril only momentarily and in scenes where honest sentiment was no plague to the story.

Director William Dieterle, taking a cue from an almost astringent scenario, followed through by disciplining the cast into sharp, instead of fuzzy, performances.

Miss Kay Francis, in the title rôle, almost completely escaped the "goo pits" and made a forthright, stirring performance. The film is a triumph for all three.

Some of the photography is remarkable and Miss Francis' support is stalwart. It is a sturdy, only occasionally dewy-eyed twin to "The Story of Louis Pasteur."

Critics Speak—Press comment has been enthusiastic:

Motion Picture Daily: "Deep dramatic suspense is maintained throughout."

The Film Daily: " 'The White Angel' is a sincere, moving document . . . especially appealing to women."

Motion Picture Herald: "The drama of a great ideal, the drama of a great woman, Florence Nightingale, this picture is fine entertainment for any kind of audience."

"The White Angel" arrives in the Crimea: Kay Francis, as Florence Nightingale, the English woman who made nursing the great profession it is

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The White Angel"; "These Three"; "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

AAA—"Desire"; "The Singing Kid"; "Sons O'Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirate"; "Early to Bed."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

THIN AND SKINNY: The Verdict on Plot and Humors of Film, "We Went to College"

Amused by the trim notion that "old grads," returning to their alma mater, might provide a thin plot and fat humors, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer finds itself about half-right with "We Went to College." The plot is thin, but the humors turn out to be similarly skinny.

The puzzle is why the picture should have turned out to be so skimpy. It is adroitly directed by Joseph Santley, two exceptional young writers have provided it with bright dialog and elfinly piquant situations. Richard Maibaum and Maurice Rapf drew all there was to draw from the basic idea.

Harnessed with these is what would seem to be an exceptionally efficient cast of clowns: Charles Butterworth, Hugh Herbert, Una Merkel, Walter Catlett—and for the silkier aspects of high comedy, Walter Abel and Edith Atwater.

Futile Effort—The major jest of the plot—the effort to use the return of the "old grads" as a chance to reunite a separated couple—skids quickly and determinedly into what would be tragic out of the hands of such nimble comedians. They exercise every resource in their power in an attempt to save the picture.

And tho it is thin, men and women who make a practise of returning to the old campus each year will find reminiscent chuckles in the picture.

The most interesting possibility in "We Went to College" is that of future stardom for a Broadway actress making her film début in it. Cinema patrons who delight in foreseeing success ahead for an unheralded newcomer will be safe in remembering Miss Atwater's name. She was shunted to Hollywood a few months ago after triumphant performance in an exceedingly bad play in New York. Every critic skinned the play and devoted his review to Miss Atwater. It seems they were right.

Press Comment—Professional comment in Hollywood was not enthusiastic for "We Went to College."

Hollywood Reporter: "No one concerned shirked the assignment, yet the entertainment values were not there."

Hollywood Daily Variety: "As it turns out, it falls into the class of gag comedies."

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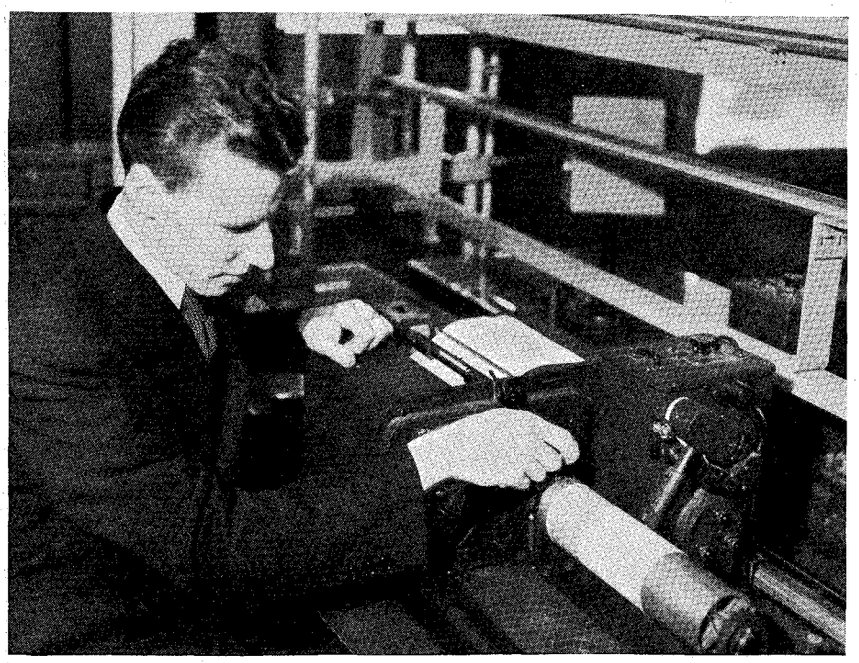
Radio

TELEVISION AS NEWSPAPER CARRIER-BOY

Federal Board Explores Possibilities of Facsimile Plan



The transmitter of an ultra-short wave radio circuit which, in a few years, may enable readers to receive newspaper facsimiles in their own homes

From complex technicalities of the informal fact-finding hearing of the Federal Communications Commission in Washington last week, three points of intimate interest to every individual emerge.

1. In a few years facsimile broadcasting may make it possible for the family to take the news, recipes and comics of the day from the newspaper device of the home receiving-set.

2. And before he goes home to read his radio newspaper, father may talk with mother over their individual radio pocket sets to ask whether he should bring home the bacon or make it beefsteak.

3. But these developments may all require payment to Radio Corporation of America, which is alleged to have a monopoly on basic radio and television patents.

Sensing the conference to be one of the most significant in the history of radio as it affects newspapers, scores of Fourth Estate representatives sat in on weighty discussions with radio engineers.

Revolutionary Possibility—The hearings that fairly bristled with static, kilowatts, frequencies and myriad technical terms, may, in the words of *Editor & Publisher*, oldest publishers and advertisers' journal in America, "lead ultimately to a decision on whether radio or newspaper interests will control the dissemination of news if and when facsimile reproduction in the home becomes the general medium for spot news presentation."

Altho facsimile transmission contemplates broadcasting entire newspapers to be transcribed on paper in home-receiving sets, David Sarnoff, president of RCA, was optimistic over the possibility that radio would banish newsboys and mail delivery, altho he declares "it is difficult to imagine limits of the use of such an invention."

"Facsimile should make the dot-and-dash system of telegraphy as outmoded as the pony express," Sarnoff told the commissioners. "Pictures, sketches, handwriting, typewriting and every other form of visual communication, will be transmitted as easily as words are now sent over a telegraph wire.

"Even in its earliest stages facsimile will be a medium for the instant dissemination of information of a hundred different types, from weather maps to statistics, from educational data to comic strips."

Optimism on Press—But, the RCA chief maintains, "far from displacing the existing media of information—and particularly the newspapers—facsimile should contribute to their progress, providing them with swifter and more effective facilities."

Only a few days ago facsimile communications were flashed between New York and Philadelphia and to-day RCA engineers are planning a facsimile service to transmit weather maps to ships at sea.

While absorbing all this, the newspaper men took a lacing from William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, who declared that radio is now more important to public welfare than the newspapers.

Also indifferent to the needs of the press in modern communications was Edward Nockles of the Chicago Federation of Labor and manager of the Federation's station WCFL, declaring "we are against the exploitation of radio—against it being sucked into the maw of chain newspapers, which are headed by a dictator."

Between lengthy reports of engineers, the FCC heard Samuel E. Darby, New York patent attorney, grimly warn of the possibility that RCA is endeavoring to extend its control of basic radio patents to the field of television.

"Any one who wishes to engage in the radio business to-day or in the television business to-morrow must ask and get the permission of RCA," said Darby, who represents a group of eleven independent radio manufacturers* who made three-fourths of the sets in American homes.

RCA, which charges a royalty of 5 per cent. on sets manufactured with use of patents it controls, made no answer other than to point out that the hearing was not the place for such an issue.

Public interest, convenience and necessity is the guide rule of the commission in considering present and future problems of radio and television transmission. And the intensity of that interest is indicated by the fact that radio listeners have invested $3,000,000,000 in receiving sets, spent $150,000,000 last year for power to operate their sets and spend a billion hours each week listening to air programs.

Broadcasts heard to-day do not go beyond 30,000 kilocycles except for experimental purposes, but recent progress in utilization of ultra-high frequencies (a phrase which has supplanted the earlier, synonymous designation of "short waves") has opened unlimited possibilities.

Beyond the ultra-high frequencies are the micro-waves, the possibilities of which have prompted Sarnoff to state he has no doubt the day will come when "each one of our millions may have his own assigned frequency to use wherever he may be."

Many Applicants—But of more immediate importance to existing broadcasting agencies, who want more room "in the sky" and the 200 persons seeking permits to establish broadcast stations, is the possibility that the FCC may grant permission to use newly opened channels.

As only 1,907 frequencies are available in the unassigned area, the verbal static in the struggle for licenses is becoming intense. Dr. J. H. Dellinge, of the Bureau of Standards, modestly asks for 1,012 of the available lanes, for law enforcement, aviation, marine, Army, Navy, Weather Bureau and other departmental uses.

So the battle is on with existing agencies and those that want to exist, opposed to *Uncle Sam's* demand for the lion's share.

All radio interests urged the commissioners to be cautious and to set aside ample high-frequency bands to assure room for future development of television.

*American Bosch, Philco, Zenith, Crosley, Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, Emerson, Stromberg Carlson, Motorola, Stewart Warner, Sparton.

Press

MAKING HEAD-LINES:

Awards to News Disseminators Help Advertise Atlantic City

Two years ago, leading hotel men of Atlantic City, New Jersey, gloomily eying a somewhat deserted boardwalk, called members of the City Press Club on the carpet and demanded to know why the famous Atlantic Ocean resort was not getting more of the publicity that was packing Miami and Palm Beach, in remote but prosperous Florida. News men heatedly defended their record, citing this and that story of visiting public enemies that had splashed across the front pages of the country; to

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which the hotel men replied that that was just the trouble: what head-lines the resort had had were all bad.

Chagrined, the assembled reporters adjourned to think up an antidote for gangster guests. A messenger was dispatched to inquire if the merchants of the city had any money with which to finance a scheme. Yes, there would be a $56,000 publicity chest into which his fellow scribes could dip with discretion. Whereupon the writing fraternity summoned the tourist trade proprietors into conclave, and unfolded a plan to catch head-lines by inviting the men who made them all over America to be the guests of Atlantic City every year.

Invitations Broadcast—With plenty of money and a good lead, the newsmakers lost no time getting their head-liners. A hastily gathered staff of stenographers batted out hundreds of letters to working newspaper men in virtually every State of the Union.

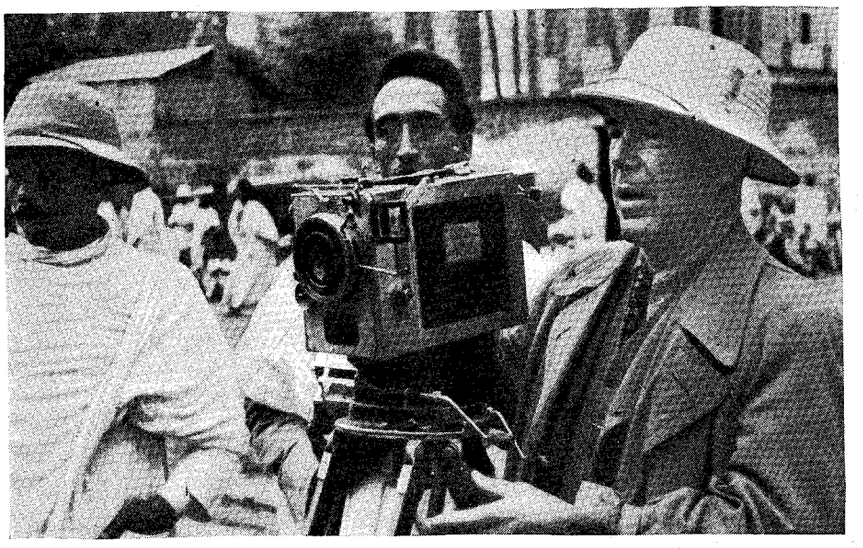
Last year, those who trooped joyfully into the New Jersey resort discovered that the alert sensation spinners of their own craft had added a new wrinkle—the awarding of honors to those newspaper men who, in their respective fields, had performed feats of unusual merit during the year.

This month 208 working newspaper men, members of the National Headliners' Club, dipped in the surf off the boardwalk, played a few rounds of golf, and then gathered at a mighty dinner to see Earl Johnson, General News Manager of the United Press and Chairman of the Committee on awards, present silver plaques to ten fellow typewriter pounders.

Award for the best individual reporting by a newspaper reporter went to Lauren D. ("Deac") Lyman, of the New York *Times,* for his dramatic and exclusive story of the departure of the Lindbergh family for Europe—a story that had already earned him the Pulitzer Prize.

"Scoop" Achieved—The erstwhile Easthampton, Massachusetts, farm boy, Yale graduate, and World War veteran, who had struck up a close acquaintance with Col. Charles A. Lindbergh at Roosevelt Field just before the flier's hop to Paris, learned of the family's plan to quit America four days before he sprang it in the *Times,* which held the story out until the final city edition to foil competitors, printing it while the Lindberghs were at sea.

Fred Must's strike scene, which won him an award from the National Headliners Club



John Dored, of Paramount News, in Ethiopia: his wife supplied the celluloid

To Fred Russell, of the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner,* went the plaque for the best feature story in the domestic newspaper field—an exclusive interview with Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., involved in the kidnaping of Mrs. Gertrude Stoll from her Louisville home. Having played tennis with Robinson as a boy, Russell got permission to accompany the fugitive from Nashville to Louisville for the trial; on the train, the reporter coaxed many an exciting detail of the kidnaper's adventures out of the man who was to receive a life sentence.

For best individual reporting in the foreign field, Webb Miller, European news manager of the United Press, received the award for what he himself described in his diary as: "What a story! Sitting on top of mountain with grand-stand seat to witness beginning of a war—and only fifteen minutes to write it! Reporter's nightmare!"

That was written at 8:43 A.M. on Oct. 31, 1935, as the Italians began their advance on Adowa. Miller's grand-stand seat was a scant half-mile from the heavy bombardment, but he got his story out by the first courier. Wars are old stuff anyway to this veteran. He covered Pershing's border expedition, the 1917 Sinn Fein revolt in Ireland, the British front in Flanders, the American battles at Château Thierry, the Vesle, the Ourcq, and the Argonne—all for the United Press, which he joined in 1911. In 1930 he flew from London to India, covering 16,000 miles in fifteen days, to report the Gandhi riots.

Award for best feature story in foreign field went to red-headed H. R. Knickerbocker, ace of the International News Service, for a series of articles on conditions in Europe. This Texas preacher's son, who had walked off with the Pulitzer Prize for foreign correspondence in 1933, called the roundup "The Bad War Dreams of Europe," and made a dictator or two howl.

Magazine Selection—To J. C. Furnas, author of the by now famous "—And Sudden Death" in *Readers Digest,* went the palm for the best non-fiction magazine article of general news interest.

Honor for the best news photograph went to Fred Must, of the New York *Daily Mirror,* who plunged into the thick of the building service operators' strike in New York last March. When a flying half-brick came his way he thought of the precious film in his camera; the arm that went up instinctively to shield it was badly smashed, but the pictures told their own story.

The best radio reporting of a spot news event was done, the judges decided, by Charles Wakeman, of Station WJAS, Pittsburgh, for his vivid description of the Western Pennsylvania floods. His stalwart assistant, Robert Moe, Columbia Broadcasting staff engineer, received honorable mention from the Headliners.

For the best newsreels of domestic events, W. C. Thomas, of Pittsburgh, got the plaque for heroic work in the same flood area—pictures taken for Pathé News.

John Dored, of Paramount News, was honored for the best newsreels of foreign events—pictures of the rioting in Addis Ababa following the flight of Haile Selassie, which must have seemed tame to him after his expedition with Sir Hubert Wilkins, chasing the North Pole in a submarine.

The Tribunal—Judges, in addition to Johnson, were Joseph V. Connelly, President of International News Service; Bradley Kelly, of King Features Syndicate; Jerry Ellison, of *Readers Digest;* Jack Price, news photography expert of *Editor & Publisher;* Jack Connelly, general manager of Pathé News; Lewis M. Herrmann, Publisher of the Atlantic City *News;* James Kerney, Editor of the Trenton *Times;* Don Rose, columnist of the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger;* Claude R. Collins, News Editor of Pathé News, Edward P. Beach, of *The Press-Union,* Atlantic City; Louis F. Cunningham, Atlantic City correspondent of the New York *Times;* F. E. Ruslander, of Warner Brothers Pictures; and Vincent Clark, City Editor of the Atlantic City *World.*

Having done honor to the hard-working colleagues, the city's guests took one last dip in the Atlantic and hurried back to their desks, agreed that the show had never been better. Back with them they carried a pleasant memory of Atlantic City, bathing beauties and all; and the resort's hotel owners beamed and rubbed their hands over the success of the scheme to make head-lines by entertaining head-liners.

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GREAT MUSEUM FOR THE SOUTHWEST

Manifold Art Treasures Assembled in Texas Centennial Building

Horace Greeley's advice is still heeded.

Now it is thirty-three-year-old Richard Foster Howard, Harvard graduate and art director, who has gone west to realize his idea of a great museum in which he could correlate the manifold branches of knowledge and the arts, where masses of people might come, to be delighted and to learn.

The mammoth Texas Centennial at Dallas gave the tall, slim director the opportunity to accomplish his dream in a new $500,000 air-conditioned building, constructed of white native Texas stone, to stand for the permanent edification of the people of the Lone Star State.

Into this ideally-constructed, one-story plant there has been poured $25,000,000 worth of the world's art treasures owned in this country; the greatest exhibition of its kind the Southwest has ever known.

Until November 29, Director Howard is in charge of a display of paintings, sculpture, prints and water-colors from every quarter of the United States. Considerably more than in outline, they give the history of the arts, from the fifteenth century in Northern Europe to the twentieth century of art-awakened America.

Broad Training—A scientist as an undergraduate—he was at different times interested in physiology, psychology, mathematics, chemistry and physics—Richard Howard taught English literature in a preparatory school in Pennsylvania for several years. Then he decided that his wide interests could best be applied to museum directing.

Back he went to Harvard for two years of graduate study, and was awarded a Carnegie Fellowship in Museum Education at Yale. Then destiny took him to the Pennsylvania Museum of Fine Arts where, in addition to serving on the staff, he assisted Dr. Arthur W. Melton to prepare an authoritative volume, "Problems of Installation in Museums."

Less than a year ago he received his "call" to the deep Southwest while working on a recondite text of his own on art cataloging: "Problems in Labeling." He was in Belfast, Maine, when it reached him.

In Dallas, he had scarcely shaken traincramp from his lanky frame, and knotted one of the bright ties he affects as contrast to his conservatively dark suits, when he discovered that life ahead was not to be all beer and skittles. An immediate, ticklish and difficult problem was at hand.

Important Dallasites interested in the exhibition were divided into two camps which, roughly speaking, can be called "conservative" and "radical." With true pioneer independence and ruggedness, each camp "knew what they wanted" even if it "didn't know much about art." Every articulate citizen of America's largest State entertained a different opinion of what a comprehensive art exhibition should include. Determinedly, they waited to see what the "tenderfoot professor" would do.

Peacemaker—In preparing the plan for his first, perhaps the greatest art show he will ever arrange, in Dallas, Richard Foster Howard smiled understandingly at both factions and proceeded to satisfy everybody. For the Museum's eighteen galleries, he succeeded in assembling examples of the finest in all important schools, from the Renaissance to modern times.

He plotted a semicircular path through the rooms along which the perambulating sightseer could gaze on the development of picture-making from the Dutch Hieronymus Bosch (circa 1450-1516) to contemporary European masters and thence to the artists who discovered the American—particularly the Western and Texas—scene during the last half-century.

In selecting his exhibits, he availed himself of the advice of the only men in America who have faced a similar problem: Dr. Robert M. Harshe, Director of A Century of Progress art exhibitions in Chicago, and Daniel Catton Rich, art-cataloger, critic and Associate Director of the Chicago Art Institute.

From dealers, collectors and museums spread over the United States from Boston to Los Angeles, a loan of exhibits was sought and obtained.

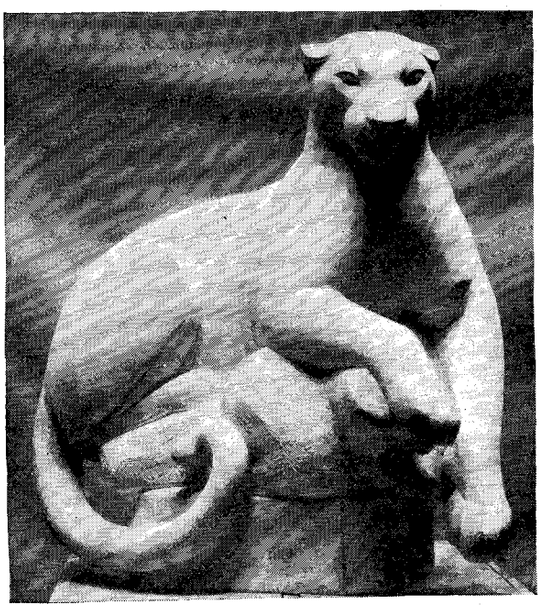
In spite of its historical arrangement, such a mammoth and various display might well have confused not only the wind-bitten old ranchers come to have another look at Frederic Remington's depictions of last century's hard-shooting Panhandle, but also tourists to the Centennial and knowing young students from Texas's own art schools. But the spiral-bound 125-page catalog Director Howard prepared as a guide added to the customary informative list of artists and titles. Not only were these given, but also simple descriptions of the exhibits and the values and trends to be observed in an important painting, etching or sculpture.

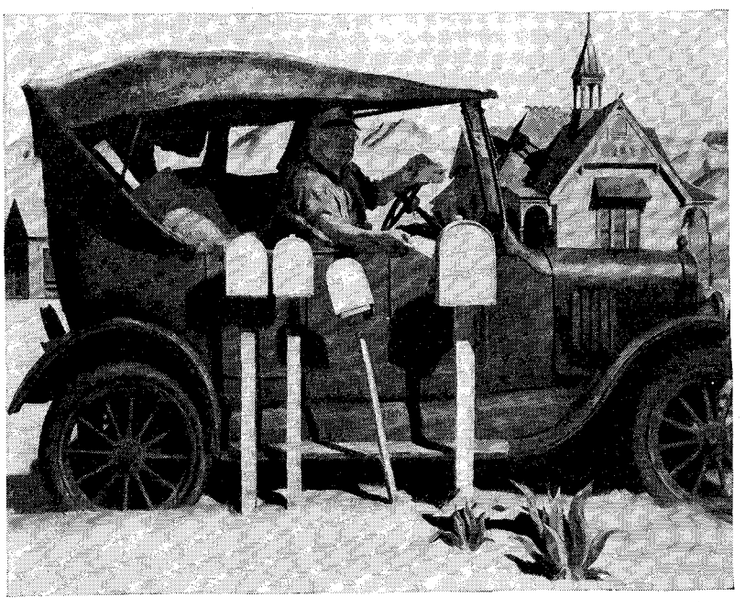
Outline of Philosophy—"Art may be thought of as a visual language, the grammar and vocabulary of which must be known before one is able to understand it," he wrote unassumingly in his Introduction, adding that only by constant contact with fine works can this "vocabulary" be familiarized.

Then he identified the key to art appreciation: "The underlying principle of it is that to be art at all, an object must have appreciable order. . . . We must, therefore, look for the order or pattern in a picture, discover its unity and explore its variety. . . .

"Order may be secured through balance and contrast, through regular sequence, through repetition. . . . Artists have technical names for these various phases of design, but the principles can be understood by every one."

Thus encouraged, the visitor to the Dallas Museum can, if he desires, flip through the illustrated catalog and follow understandingly the course of art development, as he treads the linoleum which softens his step on the marble floors. Or, at greater leisure, he or she can enter any one of the galleries from the main lobby and sculpture court, without passing through other rooms to study one chapter of it as he





Eastern and Western art in Dallas's monster Centennial Exhibition: "Leopard," sculpture by Albert Stewart of New York, and (right) "R. F. D.," by Barse Miller of California

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wishes. The pictures and sculpture are always to be seen in the same carefully-adjusted, mechanical light, for only the print gallery has windows. Heating, dehumidification, and refrigeration for summer cooling have been installed in this modern palace of the arts.

Geographic Records—Texans entering the four galleries devoted to their regional art (pictures such as "R. F. D." by Barse Miller, and others) are reminded in Director Howard's catalog that "this use of local material has more excuse and greater length of tradition behind it than in most places. . . . Acceptance of facts and adaptation to them is the scientific trend which has encouraged painters as well as other members of the community to look at their own locality, make an honest record of it, and make the best of it. In these rooms, then, we see the results of these factors of our modern life and environment."

Director Howard has settled down happily as an instructor in art to the whole of Texas in its celebration year. Here he indulges in his favorite sports-hobbies, riding and fishing; arranges the furniture in his home as if it were an art gallery, and is modestly proud of the Dallas Centennial Exhibition of Art.

WPA RAINBOW: Artists and Sculptors Rise From Obscurity to Washington Display

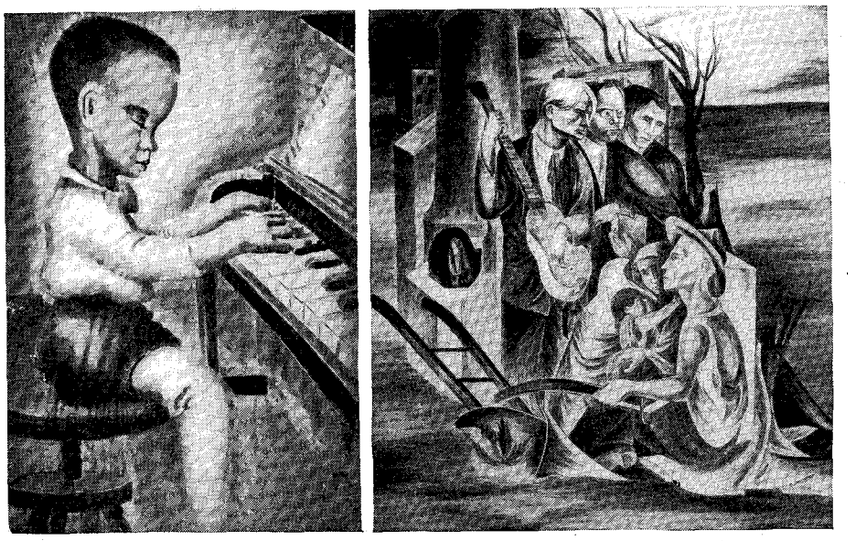
For two years, 5,250 artists and sculptors in the United States have toiled in comparative obscurity on post-office murals and public school statuary in every region of the country, thankful that Works Progress Administration art projects paid their grocery bills, content to wait until better times for that fame of which all artists dream.

For three weeks the road to fame has beckoned to sixty-eight of them from the fine old red brick and sandstone Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, D. C. Their one hundred pieces of sculpture and graphic art, the cream of thousands turned out from Maine to California, are proudly displayed to the public, and fifty of the exhibitors formerly unknown to American art patrons have been plucked from obscurity, their feet placed firmly on the bottom rung of the ladder to success.

The sixty-eight range in age from ten (the younger exhibitors are students in WPA schools) to seventy, in race from American Indian to Polish immigrant, in vocation from portraitist to lithographic craftsman. Their work includes murals, oils, water-colors, marbles, bronzes and prints. Youth, however, dominates.

Juvenile Display—One of the most interesting exhibits among those turned in by the students is a mural circus, executed by nine youngsters, none over sixteen years old. Impressive also is a water-color of a room patterned in the vivid colors of the French impressionist master, Matisse, which bears the signature of Alfred Casale, ten-year-old New York schoolboy, the youngest of the artists represented.

At the other end of the age range is William Sommers, of Macedonia, Ohio. A septuagenarian lithographer, he had always cherished the hope of one day being able to do sweeping landscapes in the grand manner; through the encouragement of the WPA, and with its financial assistance, he has been amazingly successful for a comparative beginner.



WPA art shown in Washington, D. C.: "Child Prodigy," by Samuel L. Brown of Pennsylvania, and (right) "Prairie Poets," design for fresco mural by Michale Siporin of Illinois

Most American, perhaps, of the exhibitors is Red Robin, full-blooded Zuni Indian from Denver, Colorado. His is a novel exhibit, fashioned in a most unusual medium. After the manner of his ancestors, he has arranged varicolored sands in a tray, to depict tribal deities who lend their magic to the Sixth Day of Navajo Healing Ceremonies.

Behind other contributions lie other stories of ups and downs, and patient waiting. Rainey Bennett, twenty-nine, moaned a saxophone for five years in a Chicago orchestra. Then, when A Century of Progress exposition came along, he pulled fat dowagers and tired business men about the grounds in a rickshaw; even as Stanford Fennelle, of Minnesota, a fellow exhibitor, had to run a sign shop during the day while he studied art at night for three years.

Poets as Heroes—Michale Siporin, born in Poland, was saved in childhood from pernicious anemia by Jane Addams of Hull House, who arranged for him to be sent to the milk-and-honey bounty of a Minnesota farm. Recovered, and with his living to wrest from an indifferent world, he painted checker-boards in a Chicago park. His contribution to the Phillips Gallery show is a heroic mural of three prairie poets —Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and Vachel Lindsay—singing to a drought-stricken farm family.

Also represented in Washington are twenty-seven-year-old Raymond Breinin, son of a small tobacconist who, with his family, was driven from Russia by famine and revolution; Concetta Scaravaglione, the New York sculptor, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi, one-time Okayama, Japan, printmaker.

Joseph Stella, young but already highly praised, is more than happily represented, for he has returned to the taut, electric blues he employed in his startling "Bridge," the painting which first won for him commendation; in the Washington exhibit he appears to have regained that place many feared he had lost in a showing last winter, when, in an apparent effort to startle prospective buyers, he turned his hand to extra-large canvases, oversweet with strawberry tones.

Material for the Washington show was carefully selected by Duncan Phillips, Director of the Gallery which bears his name; by Mrs. Marjorie Phillips and by Charles Law Watkins, Director of the Gallery's attached School of Art. Three-quarters of the works they chose have to do with the American—particularly the Midwestern—scene.

Homelike Display—The paintings and sculptures are arranged informally on the Gallery's first floor, which is still furnished as a private home (until 1920 it was Duncan Phillips's own residence), and in the large main gallery upstairs, where somewhat of the typically "museum atmosphere" prevails.

Among the most interesting of the exhibits, from the WPA standpoint, are sketches of the murals now adorning the walls of a score of the nation's public buildings—an exhibit which Holger Cahill, Director of the whole Federal Art Project, considers especially important in its emphasis on youth.

"It is the young men, coming to maturity at a time when a demand for murals had been created, who have the courage and power to tackle one-hundred-foot wall spaces," he says.

Director Phillips nods agreement, and adds: "The purpose of the whole project has been to create opportunity—to bring known and unknown artists to the public eye and to establish them in the favor of private patrons of the arts."

NEW BOOKS: Historical Novel by Sheean, Southern Humor, American Travel Work

Sanfelice. By Vincent Sheean. 499 pp. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran and Company; $2.50.)

Mr. Sheean, having written a true confession tale in "Personal History," now turns his attention to general history. Like Marjorie Bowen in "Patriotic Lady," the author has selected for his subject the time

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of Great Britain's immortal Nelson. As if fearful that a bit of washing-in-public may not have news value enough, Mr. Sheean also has divided his critics into two warring factions; one side grumbling that he should stick to history, the other that he should stick to fiction.

The controversy, however, need disturb no one. Mr. Sheean, going about his writing in his own way, has turned out an interesting book. And in these days, whether in historical or novel form interesting books are only too infrequent.

In this tale one meets a Nelson who hangs people from the yard-arm even after their surrender with the honors of war. Lady Hamilton, whom Romney rendered on canvas to make her an imperishable heritage of the British nation, also walks through these pages.

And one learns to know Sir William Hamilton, who squires the lovely Emma at a time when Nelson was master mind of the Mediterranean.

Maker of Wars—Based on a once-upon-a-time, Mr. Sheean's Emma becomes the power behind the throne of Naples. She coddles the queen into coaxing the lazy Ferdinand into declaring war upon the French. The result is a Neapolitan Republic, a counter revolution and the arrival of Nelson with his war-ships.

La Sanfelice, from whom the novel takes its title, proves to be a lady of various repressions, married to a rascal and pining her heart away. She succumbs to the wiles of a revolutionist who fares none too well at Mr. Sheean's hands. The revolutionary, indirectly, gets back at his creator. For the reader is likely to become impatient with Mr. Sheean for giving La Felice such an unfortunate lover. Surely, she deserved a better fate.

Mr. Sheean's book concerns itself mostly with Lord Nelson, who may not have been the father of his country but still gives the British Navy a stiff dose of morale when his works are recalled. Horatio Nelson gave an eye, an arm, and, eventually, his life to a cause which he ardently followed. He was a Royalist all the way.

Mr. Sheean is an Irishman. When you put an Irishman and a Royalist in the same company, they make for excitement.

Vincent Sheean (right) with a fellow author, Francis Hackett, at the latter's home in Ireland

Title-page of a thriller of the '60s, about General Grant, a spy, and Vicksburg

Critical Opinions—BUFFALO EVENING NEWS: *"In our belief 'Sanfelice' is the best historical novel written in our time. It is history breathed upon by the artist and brought to life."*

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: *"Sheean does a swell job. . . . As a sheer tale, 'Sanfelice' is superb, with real characters, an authentic background and a well-fashioned plot which will keep any reader breathless for its near 500 pages."*

RICHMOND (VA.) NEWS-LEADER: *"She (Sanfelice) is one of the dumbest heroines I ever encountered in fiction."*

* * *

Humor of the Old Deep South. By Arthur Palmer Hudson. 548 pp. (New York: The Macmillan Company; $5.)

In bringing before the whole United States the salty flavor of that which amused and diverted the South from 1540 to 1860, Doctor Hudson, a professor of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, has wrought a labor of love which well repays attention.

The editing of this book, not to be confused with a Joe Miller joke book, shows years of patient research and conscientious editing.

Doctor Hudson has borrowed deeply from the Gentleman of Elvas, inventor of the first white man's fish story; from Chateaubriand, Bartman, John James Audubon, Sir Charles Lyell, William Russell Smith, Lorenzo Dow and others.

From the *Congressional Record* we learn that John Allen proved his beloved Tupelo was approximately the center of the earth. "The horizon," he told the House of Representatives, "seems about the same distance in every direction." From the Louisiana Merchants and Planters' Almanac of 1843 we learn that the King's English has been "refined" by changing "roosters' tails to fowls' bustles."

Doctor Hudson introduces us to T. B. Thorpe, whose "The Big Bear of Arkansaw" was highly esteemed by patriots as a rival to the best that Baron Münchausen could offer. From this source comes the yarn about the buck private who, in testing a new rifle, shot through a hill and six oxen.

Chapter headings are redolent of the pre-war south: "Broadhorn Boys and Steamboat Bullies," "Lawyers, Judges and Catchpolls," "Motley's the Wear," etc.

The South has been keeping these relics of its high-spirited past to itself for much too long a time.

Critical Opinions—DALLAS MORNING NEWS: *"The aspects of life reflected in these anecdotes gathered from old almanacs, personal letters, memoirs, newspaper clippings of another day . . . make a stronger appeal than a great many facts substantiated in formal history."*

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR: *"This is no mere joke book; it is an interesting and important contribution to our knowledge of a section whose history is old and cosmopolitan."*

SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS: *"I should think that . . . it must surely find a place, as it deserves, on the shelves of any library which contains a section for Americana. . . . I feel sure that such a volume as this will go a long way towards correcting some popular misconceptions of our Southland."*

* * *

Green Mountains to Sierras. By Zephine Humphrey. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $2.50.)

America, maintains Roger Babson, statistician, is on the go. He predicts that within twenty years half the population will be riding from here to there in trailers. Those who wish to prepare themselves for such an eventuality should read "Green Mountains to Sierras."

Zephine Humphrey has written a book which tempts one to pull up stakes and get going, if only to find out in the end that there is no place like home. She and her husband, Christopher, discovered that the Grand Canyon has dresses it doesn't put on during the tourist season, that Death Valley is not without its majesty and that Southern cooking is not for the wayfarer.

The travelers run into tourist cabins

Best Sellers:
Week Ending June 20

Fiction

Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, $2.75.)
The Doctor, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)
The Last Puritan, by George Santayana. (Scribner, $2.75.)
Clansmen, by Ethel Boileau. (E. P. Dutton, $2.50.)
The Weather in the Streets, by Rosamond Lehmann. (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50.)

Non-Fiction

Wake Up and Live! by Dorothea Brande. (Simon & Schuster, $1.75.)
The Way of a Transgressor, by Negley Farson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)
Around the World in Eleven Years, by Patience, Richard and John Abbe. (Stokes, $2.)
Inside Europe, by John Gunther. (Harper, $3.50.)
Man, The Unknown, by Alexis Carrel. (Harper, $3.50.)

—From the Publishers' Weekly

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good and bad; flowers and birds and gasoline-station attendants who make the depositing of ten gallons in the tank a work of art. Much about California is out of the ordinary. The great orchards, especially, stimulate the Humphrey pen.

Of fabled Taos, New Mexico, Mrs. Humphrey writes: "Rather to my dismay, the memory of our Vermont village seemed suddenly far more unreal and fantastic than the *pueblo*. I felt as if my native land, far-flung America, had all my life been fashioning me in ways which I little suspected and . . . had developed in me a kinship with her elder children, the only true native Americans. So that when, for the first time, I saw them at home, I recognized that home as mine."

Dorset, Vermont, however, remains the Humphrey home.

The author didn't like San Diego but did like San Francisco, reminding one that nothing is so normal in this great commonwealth as an unreasoning dislike for one place and a no-less unreasoning warmth for another.

The lesson to be derived from the Humphrey book is that, while 120,000,000 Americans can't be wrong, they can in 120,000,000 ways be different. We live in a big country well worth looking over for reasons other than clocking a high mileage on the speedometer.

Critical Opinions—BOSTON HERALD: "*A heartening, informing, personal chronicle of a leisurely American tour.*"

CHATTANOOGA NEWS: "*The book is delightfully refreshing and we close it with regret at having to relinquish the companionship of these two people with their quiet humor, who are so keenly alive to beauty, and so well able to convey their impressions charmingly.*"

SANTA ANA (CALIF.) REGISTER: "*Why do all the most appealing travel books come out in the spring when it takes hammer and nails to fasten us to our desks anyway?*"

RALEIGH (N. C.) NEWS AND OBSERVER: "*. . . a pleasant bit of relaxation, a sort of arm-chair travelog . . . a delightful diary of a motor vagabondage across the American continent.*"

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Clough—poetess—she says, "Rimes with *tough enough* and *rough stuff*."

Derieux—writer—acceptably called *deary-oh*.

Trygve Gulbranssen—Norwegian author—he gives it as *trig'veh gool-brahn'sen*.

Hellinger—New York columnist—put the stress on *hell: hell'in-jer*.

Le Gallienne—author and journalist—slight major stress on *enn: le gal-i-enn'*.

Luhan—writer—call her "Mrs. *Loo'-hahn*."

Neustadtl—journalist—Americanized to *new'stahtl*.

Peattie—author and botanist—just *pea'tea*.

Sheean—author—his publisher says *shee'an*.

Van Doren—editor and author—*van*, as in moving-*van; dor*, as in *dormer; en*, as in *chicken: van dor'en*.

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So reach for a stick
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The taste buds glad,
Prevent you from going
Completely mad!

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What's the Name, Please?

By CHARLES EARLE FUNK

Editor, "What's the Name, Please?" Department of The Literary Digest

The pronunciation of the names of the great, the near great, or the about-to-be-great of our own time; names that we encounter in the newspapers, magazines, and technical journals, or that we find in the lecture halls in our English speaking universities, in commerce and industry, in American Congress and British Parliament, in medicine and law, in art and music, or on stage and screen.

The pronunciations that are given do not represent the opinion of some sacrosanct editor or editorial board. Each pronunciation is that used by the owner of the name, authorized by him or, in a few instances, vouched for by some one so close to the owner as to be competent authority.

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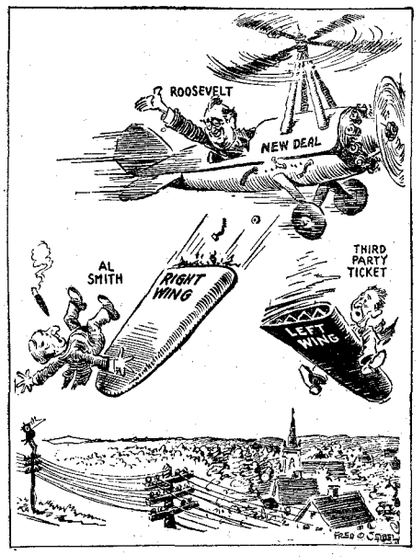
COMMENT

(Continued from page 5)

generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny.' This is but one of the word gems which will become as much a part of our national thought and language as Lincoln's 'That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'"

Newark *Ledger* (Ind.): "President Roosevelt's speech of acceptance over-



HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

—Seibel in the Richmond Times-Dispatch

shadows everything that has gone before. It eclipses the convention and the platform and places in a dim background the accomplishments of the New Deal in the past four years. The speech is not merely a defense of the New Deal's record and a promise to continue in a straight line. It is a bold departure from everything that has gone before in American political history."

Unfavorable—Sioux City *Journal* (Ind.): "Mr. Roosevelt declared war against the business, financial and professional life of the United States."

Portland *Oregonian* (Ind.-Rep.): "Mr. Roosevelt preached hatred out of one corner of his mouth and love out of the other corner. After devoting the body of his speech to an invitation of bitterness against our economic order he devoted the conclusion to faith, hope and charity."

Idaho *Statesman* (Rep.): "The address emphasizes once again the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is the first President of the United States who boldly and openly has used his high office to stir up class hatred and to array one class of citizens of the country against another class."

Kansas City *Star* (Ind.): "The President stresses the warm heart, but a warm heart must be directed by a cool head if it is to be of real service to the world. The most important of the New Deal policies have been dictated by the warm heart rather than by the cool head and have been so unsoundly based or so badly administered as to retard recovery and arouse grave misgivings for the future."

Sioux Falls *Argus-Leader* (Ind.-Rep.): "In the light of President Roosevelt's acceptance speech the test in the fall becomes impressively significant. The people are to decide whether they will go forward with the principles of true Americanism or veer sharply toward the Left."

Denver *Post* (Ind.): "The President launched his campaign for reelection on a platform of faith, hope and charity. After three years of broken campaign pledges the people are still supposed to have unbounded faith in the New Deal. They are expected to hope the present Administration, if given another chance, will achieve what it has not yet been able to do. And in their charity they are to forgive all the blundering Washington political profiteering and demagogism of these last three years."

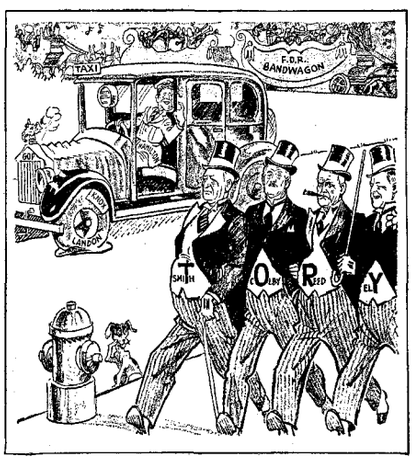
* * *

PLATFORM: Praise—Phoenix (Ariz.) *Gazette* (Ind.): "The Democratic platform will go down in history as the greatest pronouncement since the Declaration of Independence.

"The Declaration of Independence gave to the world a new conception of political freedom. The Democratic platform, breathing the spirit of humanity, ushers in a new era of economic security and freedom."

Vicksburg (Miss.) *Evening Post* (Dem.): "The platform . . . is the most specific and direct statement of facts ever placed before the people of the nation by the Democratic Party. . . . The entire document is conspicuous by the absence of 'weasel' words and ambiguity. It makes specific promises to the American people."

Spartanburg (S. C.) *Journal* (Dem.): ". . . a declaration of liberalism in conformity to the principles and policies held by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Its manifold



M—MM—MH—HH—WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A——RIDE?

—Doyle in the Philadelphia Record

declarations, however they smack of 'glittering generalities' at times, do not deviate from the New Deal aims and purposes. . . . Upon the whole the issues are shaped for the American electorate on the New Deal. Voters are asked to follow its banner. Its leader and its platform disclose no hedging or trimming of sails."

Lexington (Ky.) *Herald* (Dem.): ". . . . a straightforward statement of purpose. The ticket of Roosevelt and Garner will go before the country with its aims so clear that no voter can be mistaken in what he indorses."

Mobile (Ala.) *Register* (Ind.-Dem.): "The Democratic platform just adopted at Philadelphia may be different from the Democratic platform of 1932, but it is not vastly unlike the Republican platform of 1936. The main difference between the two platforms is the tariff plank. If Mr. Roosevelt has charted a new course for the Democratic Party, he had also charted a new one for the G.O.P. The Republican Party, judging by its platform, is only a more cautious New Deal."

Protest—Anderson (Ind.) *Herald* (Rep.): ". . . . a masterpiece of diplomacy embracing everything in general and nothing in particular. Its authors, remembering the fate of the 1932 document, made the planks wide enough and long enough to allow the President to turn around as many times as he pleases without fear of toppling off.

"They determine to reduce government expenses—but when? They will abide by the spirit and letter of the Constitution unless it conflicts with their program. They will establish the merit system, but include all their spoilsmen in office under Civil Service. Everything is left to the discretion of the President, which is very appropriate in these New Deal days."

Wilmington (Del.) *Journal-Every Evening* (Ind.): "We are confronted irrevocably by the alternative of revolutionizing our Government as we have known it through the years, or of turning to the other national leadership that is committed to perpetuating democracy founded on the principle of individual liberty.

"All other considerations fade into insignificance, even the profligate spending that now is tossing us toward the dangerous breakers of currency inflation."

Montana Standard (Butte, Mont.; Ind.-Dem.): "A magnificent piece of partizan propaganda, but not a statement of political principles and policies. A magnet to attract votes, attempting to draw the gratitude of all the classes who have been beneficiaries of the New Deal. It is *good* strategy, if the principle is unimportant, for it ties many who will not see its incongruities to the Roosevelt band-wagon."

Haverhill (Mass.) *Gazette* (Ind.-Rep.): "The Roosevelt who repudiated most of the detail and all of the principle of the Democratic platform of 1932 might accept the 1936 New Deal platform with the seriousness properly expected of a candidate. Because, as a reiteration of his dismal fantasies for regimenting the nation in the name of the 'more abundant life' for politicians, bureaucrats and brain trusters who think the people are guinea-pigs for their experimental laboratories, it it right up his alley."

Tulsa (Okla.) *Tribune* (Ind.): "New Dealer Norris almost told the whole story

HOPE THEY DON'T REMEMBER ME AGAIN

—Elderman in the Washington Post

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when he said that President Roosevelt is the platform. Almost, but not quite. President Roosevelt, Rex Tugwell, Felix Frankfurter, Tammany bosses and ward-heelers everywhere, from Farley down to Bill Gooch of the Loyal Order of Campaign Hirelings, every rabble-rouser with a vote-catching idea, walking delegates and other parasites who feed upon organized labor, hordes of tax-eaters and stupid rubber-stamp Congressmen are the platform. They will write the platform as they go if Roosevelt is reelected."

Doubt—Fairfield (Iowa) *Daily Ledger* (Ind.-Rep.): "It is quite a fine, liberal platform. It is fine and unequivocal (for the farmer) as that of 1932 on economy, money, and the other now-forgotten items."

Charlotte (N. C.) *News* (Dem.): "If President Roosevelt could be counted on to depart in the next four years as radically from the 1936 platform as he did from the 1932 platform, it would be a good one. The Democrats have gone all the way progressive—progressive in the sense that they are determined to extend the reaches of a centralized government into the innermost recesses of the private domain."

Wichita (Kan.) *Beacon* (Ind.): "The Democratic platform . . . has the merit of brevity. It is sufficiently broad to permit any good American to stand upon it. It is sufficiently elastic to permit of liberal interpretations as emergencies may require.

"It is specific enough to satisfy the Party stalwarts. It is sufficiently idealistic to capture the fancy of the liberally inclined. If it is hazy on the money question, the same may be said of the platform adopted at Cleveland."

* * *

SMITH MESSAGE: **Anti-Roosevelt**—Frank Kent, Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.): "There are in the country a vast number of anti-New Deal Democrats who can not be reconciled in support of Mr. Roosevelt for another term."

Indianapolis *Star* (Ind.-Rep.): "Patriotism and not politics prompted Alfred E. Smith and his four associates to urge the Philadelphia convention to drop Franklin D. Roosevelt and 'substitute a genuine Democrat.' They should get credit to-day just as they will in history for the stand they have taken."

Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.): "If the New Deal has three speakers as effective as Smith, Colby and Reed, we do not know them. Behind them is a silent but numerous array of sober-minded Democrats. What they will do to the New Deal's election chances may be a-plenty."

New York *Evening Journal* (Ind.-Hearst): "It is the Raw Dealers who have 'taken a walk'—not those whom they now so curiously denounce as bolters. And it is a long walk they have taken, one that leads perhaps towards Moscow, but certainly not back to the White House in November."

* * *

JUST AN OVERSIGHT

—Jensen in the Chicago News

GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN!

Senator Alben W. Barkley, Democratic Key-Noter: "With bland and callous unconcern they (the Coolidge-Hoover Administrations) sat smugly through the carnival until the mask was torn off and the public saw the putrid pestilence of financial debauchery which had blown into their nostrils an alien odor."

James A. Farley: "Behind the Republican ticket is the crew of the du Pont Liberty League and their allies, which have so far financed every undercover agency that has disgraced American politics with their appeals to prejudice, religious intolerance and personalities so gross that they had to be repudiated even by the regular Republican organization."

Herbert C. Hoover: "In desperate jumping from one muddle to another we have seen repeated violation of morals and honor in government."

Senator Frederick C. Steiwer, Republican Key-Noter: "Fine public servants have been ruthlessly replaced by favorites, and the Government to-day is literally the worst, most conscienceless employer in the land."

GENERAL: **Pro-Roosevelt** — Louisville *Times* (Ind.): "The fact is, of course, that if the Liberty League quints had lived in the day of either Jefferson or Jackson, all five of them, with their present alliances, would have hated Jefferson and Jackson as they hate Roosevelt, and for exactly the same reason—that is, because Jefferson and Jackson had confidence in the ordinary man and interest in his welfare."

Kansas City *Journal-Post* (Ind.): "Al Smith's statement will not appeal to old-fashioned Democrats. For Smith himself is no longer an old-fashioned Democrat. On the tariff issue he is an old-fashioned Republican."

Nashville *Tennessean* (Dem.): "The Party would suffer no serious loss by his [Smith's] defection or that of the motley group who joined him in the declaration to the convention. He and the others would be the losers.

"They would be political Ishmaels without party."

St. Louis *Star-Times* (Ind.): "President Roosevelt could ask for no greater good fortune than to have Al Smith and Jim Reed take the stump and carry their hymn of hate to the people. In both of them the virus of political disappointment has sunk so deep that it has destroyed their sense of balance."

Prediction: Samuel G. Blythe, North American Newspaper Alliance: "Qualifying modestly as a political expert due to more than forty years of political observation in all parts of this country, I think there is a political upset coming in this country. . . . I think Landon will be elected."

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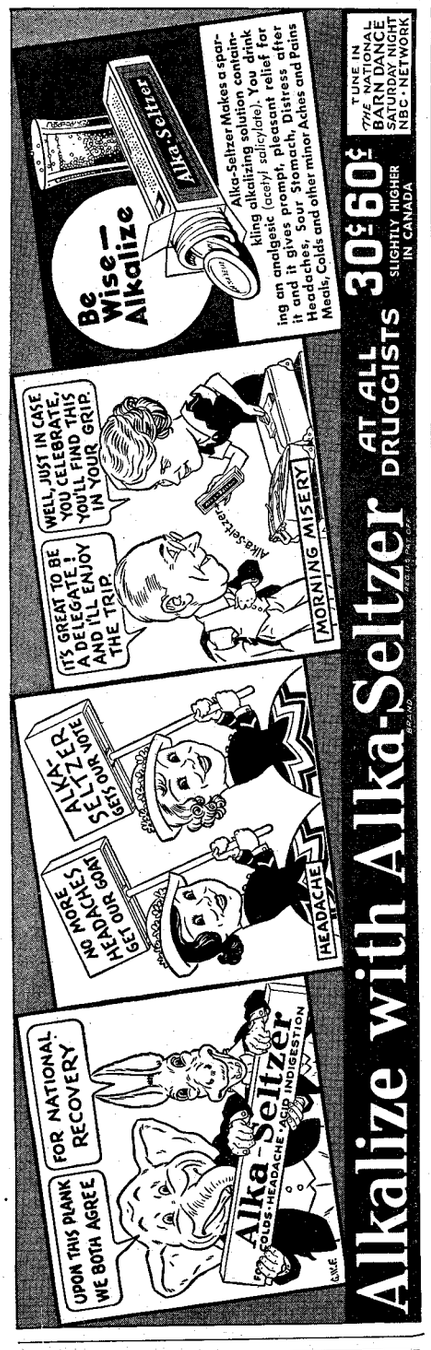
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Current Poetry

FROM THE ROCK

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

Arbutus blooms succeed an early thaw,
And from the rock the winter-meadow blurs;
The bright, lobed leaf that later clasps the haw
Uncurled and secret in the hard twig stirs.
Blue, icy waters down the culverts flow
Or form in frosty pools along the ridge;
The sun dissolves the burnished clumps of snow,
And geese are clamoring underneath the bridge.
Now come the cattle, drowsy from the hay,
And curious sheep invade the cold ravine.
The winter's colt explores the softening clay
To find the first ambiguous frond of green.

Here from the rock I see how winter passes.
I follow April through the woods again.
I find the boy I was, who like the grasses
Has slumbered for a while, but was not slain.

—From *Landscape With Figures.* (The Viking Press, New York.)

THE SONG

BY LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON

This is a song for wee, wild creatures,
The squirrel in the orchard and the field-mouse in the glen;
They have no schools, no teachers,
And they lack the lore of men,
But they know the west wind's story
The rabbit in the brush lot and the dun deer in the wood;
When autumn spreads its glory
Every line is understood.

This is a song for small shy people,
The pheasant in the tall grass and the swallow in the sky;
They have no church, no steeple,
But their prayers are wafted high;
And the God of fur and feather
Will remember hawk and swallow and cardinal and jay,
When his whole world stands together
Upon his Judgment Day.

—*Kaleidograph.*

THE IDEAL PROTESTS

BY JAMIE SEXTON HOLME

Do not set me in the sky;
Skies are cold and far.
I am but a woman,
I am not a star!

Fold no dreams about me—
Dreams are pale and thin.
Loving arms are better things
To wrap a woman in.

—From *I Have Been a Pilgrim.* (Henry Harrison, Publisher, New York.)

THE LISTENER

By Maud Ludington Cain

Call no man poet that he speaks sometimes
In pretty phrases and remembered rimes,
But only that his listening ear has found
The deeper silence underneath all sound.

—*Wings*

WITCH TREES

BY VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

Not far from the edge of Salem town
Is a low, black hill, and up and down
No living thing, whether good or ill,
Can draw a breath on that black hill.

No living thing save three gaunt trees,
That lean on each other with every breeze,
And nod and shiver and huddle together,
Like three old crones in the bitter weather.

When the sun is east, when the sun is west,
They cast no shadow and never rest,
But point their fingers with a shake of the head,
Like three old crones that talk of the dead.

The red moon leers at the tortured trees.
As they rattle their arms and crack their knees,
And twist and caper and dance till dawn
Like three old crones whose wits are gone.

It's an old wives' tale, but, as for me,
I never could think such things may be.
'Tis wanton chatter and wild—but still
They hanged three witches on that hill.

—From *I've Never Been to Winkle.* (Henry Harrison, Publisher, New York.)

RETIRED BUSINESS MAN

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

He always said he would retire
When he had made a million clear,
And so he toiled into the dusk
From day to day, from year to year.

At last, he put his ledgers up,
And laid his stock reports aside;
But when he started out to live
He found he had already died.

—From *Glory of Earth.* (Oglethorpe University Press, Georgia.)

LIONEL WIGGAM, twenty-year-old Northwestern University student, who has been an actor, a wall-paperer, a janitor, a road worker, sold his first short story at the age of thirteen. His poems have appeared in leading American magazines

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Social Service

COLLEGE STUDENTS TREK NORTHWARD

Sir Wilfred Grenfell's Medical Missions for Labrador Fisherfolk

Courtesy International Grenfell Association

Sir Wilfred Grenfell (left) and natives of Labrador: his "wops" and "wopesses" came from America and England . . .

Capt. Kenneth Iversen shouted a command to the college students of his volunteer crew. Hawsers cast off, the small power-schooner *George B. Cluett,* Labrador-bound, churned slowly out of Portland, Maine, harbor one day last week.

The ship hoisted sail for its 1,500-mile northward voyage up the Atlantic Coast, through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Straits of Belle Isle, to St. Anthony's. Aboard were a crew of nine and twenty-two other volunteers for social service work this summer among the fishing villages of the North.

On vacation from Yale, Harvard, Amherst, and some Western universities, they were paying their own way to help in the work of Sir Wilfred Grenfell. The British doctor has devoted forty years to medical and social missions among the Anglo-Saxon and French fishermen on the rocky, foggy peninsular dependency of Newfoundland. His helper alumni now number 2,000.

Summer Labor—Tanned and ready for work when the *Cluett* drops anchor in St. Anthony's Bay, the students will meet scores of other summer workers: nurses, teachers, typists, medical students who have come North by train, steamer and the hospital ship *Maraval.* Some will stay aboard the *Cluett* as she sails along the barren fiord-slashed coast to drop supplies and workers at picturesquely named fishing hamlets, nursing stations, and hospitals: Battle Harbor, Ragged Islands, Seldom-Come-By, Run-By-Chance, Seal Harbor.

Others will help treat the fisherfolk who scull out in dories to the hospital ships, or will augment the staffs of the five modern hospitals (St. Anthony's, on the northern tip of Newfoundland, with seventy-five beds, is rated A-1 by the American College of Surgeons). Digging drains and clearing land will be the work of part of the men; nursing, and helping in community stores, social centers, orphanages and summer schools, will occupy the women.

Selected for the summer's work by Col. Frederick Shnyder and Sir Wilfred, the volunteers have been recruited chiefly at Grenfell's American, Canadian and British lectures. The men call themselves "wops," the girls "wopesses." Their work supplements that of a year-round staff of half-a-hundred doctors, dentists, nurses, teachers, social workers maintained by contributions to the International Grenfell Association.

Labrador's short summer is a busy season for the social service work of the North: then flocks of fishing boats sail up from Newfoundland in search of cod, herring, salmon, halibut.

But prices for fish, the natives' principal product, have fallen off sharply in America. To take up this slack in income, the women, children, and disabled men have been put to hooking mats and rugs and carving walrus and narwhal tusks during the long, dark winters. These the Grenfell Association sells in America, sending back clothing and supplies.

Grenfell has also stimulated agriculture along the cold, gray coast. Greenhouses give an early start to turnips, cabbages, tomatoes, "iceberg lettuce"; as a result beriberi, scurvy, rickets, and tuberculosis are leaving the subarctic peninsula.

The permanent population (they call themselves "live-yeres") is less than 5,000, scattered along 1,200 miles of coast-line. Eskimos and Montaignais and Nascopie Indians are seldom seen.

Helper—To the English-speaking fisherfolk, some of whom settled in the 1600's, Sir Wilfred is doctor, judge, adviser.

His workers assert they suffer from a disease called "Grenfellitis," a lasting enthusiasm for the North. In winter they use dog teams for ambulances, trekking through deep snow sometimes for fifty miles. When the ice breaks, many a nurse fills an open boat with food and clothing and threads her way through islands and ice-floes to families bereft of a bread-winner by accident or disease.

Any girl working on the coast is considered a nurse by the natives. In a community store one girl was asked:

"Are you a nurse, Sister?"

"No."

"Are you a school-teacher, then, Miss?"

"No."

"Well, God bless you anyhow!"

Last week a steamer bound for St. Anthony's carried tons of old silk stockings (to be unraveled and hooked into rugs), construction materials, coal, clothing, toys, and a full-blooded bull, to help increase the live-stock population. Nowadays milk, eggs, meat, help prevent nutritional diseases among the people.

Seagoing Hospital—Grenfell's first work was in 1892; he outfitted the ninety-ton ketch *Albert,* sailed from England to Labrador, and in one summer treated 900 persons. His operating theaters were beaches, schooner decks, small candle-lit cottages, and one tiny shipboard hospital.

Once Sir Wilfred found five little children in borrowed black sitting on their parents' fresh grave. To-day there are four orphanage boarding schools in Labrador. He has

Fred C. Sears Photo

. . . to work during the summer in the Northern fishing villages

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built a haul-up slip for schooner repairs which handles sixty-five ships a year. He put up a cooperative lumber mill and a Seaman's Institute. His organization of industrial centers has given employment to 2,500.

Exceptionally capable children are sent by the Grenfell Association to Canada, the United States and England to attend technical schools, then return to Labrador to aid in building its civilization. Except these, most of the natives know little of the outside world, are very conservative, and use occasional strange, ancient expressions in their speaking.

NURSES' CONCLAVE: Convention Debates Problems of To-day's Florence Nightingales

A Dutch burgher in little old New Amsterdam, falling ill, wobbled over to the village's combination hospital-poorhouse, built in 1658. A woman pauper, in unhygienic homespun tatters, sat consolingly at his bedside. She was the first public nurse in the first hospital in America.

A sick Philadelphian in 1828 limped over to the City Dispensary. At his elbow shyly stood a comely miss in simple calico and felt slippers. She was one of the first women nursing students in the country.

To-day, an ailing city dweller calls up a nurse registry office. Over the telephone the director selects a card from among applicants and reads:

"Well-groomed, good cultural background, charming smile, experienced and interested in bedside nursing, capable, efficient, drives car, dances, plays cards."

Last year, some 1,400 nursing schools turned out 25,000 students. Ranks of graduate nurses the country over swelled to 250,000, of whom 15 per cent. actually nursed and 22 per cent. taught the profession. Most had only one or more years of college training; some did not finish high school; few, it is true, could match all the qualifications of the "well-groomed" applicant.

Troubles of a Nurse—Launched into an overcrowded field, the young graduates found work far from plentiful and their capabilities as thorough-going nurses often seriously questioned. Hospitals, pursuing a "policy of thriftiness," according to critics, had kept eligibility requirements and training standards low, instructing students mostly for their own needs rather than those of the community.

Last week, 10,000 nurses from all parts of the United States and its possessions cast aside severe, white starched uniforms and grappled with this problem at a triple convention in Los Angeles. Dressed in gay, flowered frocks and tailored suits, they met as delegate members of the American Nurses' Association, the National League of Nursing Education, and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing.

Out of the welter of convention topics, that of advancing nursing instruction from secondary to collegiate educational level promptly became one of the most controversial.

It fitted in neatly with the general theme of "Nursing as a Part of To-morrow's Community Health Service."

Founder of Training—Training to-day is based generally on the Florence Nightingale Plan, adopted in 1873, under which students are taught by nurses as well as doctors. A typical hospital school—the largest number of schools are owned and operated by hospitals—is perhaps that attended by Jane Brown, an average American girl of twenty, slim, lively, ambitious. She is a high-school graduate—minimum requirement of this 175-bed institution.

Miss Brown, one of fourteen members of the class of '39, is admitted after a rigid physical and mental examination, pays no tuition, and buys her own uniforms and books. She receives no allowance or remuneration. For a probationary six-month period she spends only an hour and a half at the beds, and the rest in classroom.

Working on an eight-hour basis, she spends only three hours in class and five at beds during the next four months. Classroom work, which consists of instruction in theory *via* the blackboard, now dwindles to four or five hours a week.

Living in the hospital school, she must be in bed at ten o'clock, tho she can read until 11. Once a week she is allowed to get in at 12:30 a.m.

Lure of Matrimony—After three years of training, Miss Brown is graduated. If she cares to remain with the hospital, she may be hired as a general duty nurse at $55 a month and full maintenance. The chances are—according to records of this hospital—she will get married almost at once.

Some critics of the current training system envisage a solution of problems in divorcing the nursing school from the hospital-board control. This, they say, would eliminate their chief weaknesses: too few good teachers, too few workers, insufficient time, and not enough emphasis on what constitutes good nursing.

Even before the depression, wrote Inis Weed Jones in *Scribner's Magazine,* nurses averaged only five months' work a year, adding:

"Unemployment—few are able to save enough for their old age. Long hours—it is shocking to discover that half of our nurses still do twenty-four-hour duty. Busy nurses wear out fast. The average nurse is broken at thirty-six to forty years of age."

"CO-OP" JUNKET: New Deal Experts Go Abroad to Study Cooperatives

The monopoly bugaboo stared President Roosevelt in the face last week. He looked at the Republican platform, at the rough draft of the Democratic tirade against trusts, declared in favor of the "yeomanry of business, industry and agriculture," and decided that three men should take ship for Europe to study cooperatives.

"Production for use instead of for profit" has been hooked onto "capitalistic democracy and individualism" by the cooperative movement which has swept forty nations and enlisted 100,000,000 members. The President's announcement helped focus American attention on a scheme that lets producers and consumers own their own businesses and share the proceeds.

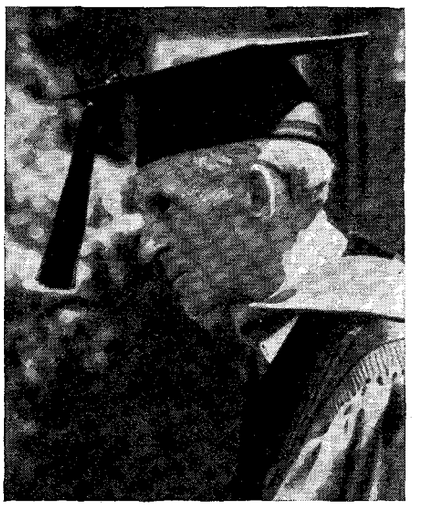
The American commissioners will survey mercantile buying, housing, credit, insurance, banking and electrical distribution.

Weavers Invest—They will look at Britain, where cooperatives began ninety years ago. Twenty-eight Rochdale flannel-weavers chipped in $140 to start a cooperative-buying society. Each had one vote, regardless of shares. Each drew interest on his investment, but dividends were apportioned at the year's end according to purchases.

In addition to the divided surplus, the Rochdale cooperators set aside a part of their society's earnings for operating expenses, and education and expansion. Their principles of management are behind practically all consumers' and producers' cooperatives and get credit for the immense growth of the movement.

In England, the commissioners will find that one family in every two belongs to some cooperative society, that the English Cooperative Wholesale Society is the largest domestic business concern in the country. It owns and operates more than 100 factories, even tea-plantations in Ceylon. They buy more wheat from Canada than any single other importer. And the bread they bake eventually is delivered to the British consumer in a "co-op wrapper."

Last week, three experimental cooperative farms, backed by Henry Ford and Sir



Wide World

Henry Ford, Honorary Doctor of Engineering, pays his farm "cooperators" $5 a day

Percival Perry, Chairman of the British Ford Company, were paying £1 ($5) a day to 110 laborers, who split between them a profit of $14,000 their second year of operation. The minimum wage elsewhere in the district is $7.75 weekly.

Middle Way—Across the North Sea, in Sweden, the American commissioners will go to find methods of the "middle way" between communism and "capitalistic depressions." They will see immense cooperative-housing projects that make money for Stockholm, 4,000 stores that sell almost everything cooperatively to Swedish consumers and lower prices forced on erstwhile monopolies by the hard price-cutting of the cooperatives.

They will ponder the success of "yardsticks" in the even economic course of monarchistic, capitalistic, cooperative Scandinavia, where even electric-light bulbs cost 50 per cent. less than formerly. The commissioners probably will talk with quiet, mouse-like Albin Johansson, whose business genius helps make cooperatives work and pay dividends in Sweden, altho he gets but $3,000 a year for his management.

When they end their junketing, the New Deal's experts may take a look at the 6,000 consumer cooperatives in the United States. Tinkling through their tills each year go $365,000,000, much of it back to the 1,800,000 members.

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Off-Side

Orderly—In Danville, Illinois, Mrs. George Lawson gave birth to a boy on Fathers' Day. Last year, on Mothers' Day, she bore a daughter.

* * *

Money's Worth—At Nice, France, a neighborhood movie house has found it unnecessary to advertise the titles of its films. Advertising now reads simply: "We give you six and one-half miles of film for thirty-three cents." Business has improved.

* * *

Natural Color—A Hollywood motion-picture producer, at work in the desert last week, found that the scenic background was too drab for his Technicolor film. He ordered a crew of painters and several carloads of paint and sprayed the desert sands until he got the required pastel effect.

* * *

Mouse Trouble—In Paris last week a lady brought a damage suit against five mice. The mice were used in laboratory disease tests. Their reactions to a particular injection indicated that the lady must have an operation. Afterward the lady was informed by doctors that the operation had been unnecessary. She is suing the mice for $7,500.

* * *

Wormateria — Herman Douyard, a Northampton, Massachusetts, barber, runs a fishing-bait business on the side. Busy with shaves and haircuts this season, Mr. Douyard could find no time to sell his bait. Last week he set up a home-made slot-machine in his barber shop, where customers could drop in a coin, turn a crank and get a can of worms. Ten youngsters run the production end of the business.

* * *

Quandary—Eighteen-year-old Bart Long and his dog, Cinta, set out from Highland Park, Illinois, recently on a hitchhiking trip. In Atlanta, Georgia, tired and broke, they decided to quit, and wired for money to come home. Promptly they received a fat telegraph money-order. But the telegraph company wouldn't cash it. The money-order was payable to "Bart and Cinta," and Cinta couldn't sign her name.

* * *

Wedding—In Seattle, Washington, the marriage of Capt. John C. Benson, seventy-three, and Mrs. Elizabeth Partee, fifty-eight, went on record as the first all-under-water wedding. The wedding took place under eight feet of Puget Sound water. The bride was dressed informally but sensibly in a brown rubberized diving-suit. Her hat was a thirty-pound helmet. She wore a girdle of lead weights, and thirty-pound shoes. Two attendants aided her in lifting her feet as she walked down the aisle.

* * *

Zealot—Ellsworth Brown of Union, New Jersey, says he lost his job as night-watchman on a WPA paving project because he was overzealous. One midnight last week sleepy-eyed Union citizens were awakened by an unearthly roar, discovered Mr. Brown roaring down the street in a steam-roller, with the throttle wide open. Next morning, the roller coughed hoarsely and refused to move. Mr. Brown was discharged. "I was only trying to be helpful," he explained. "I rolled that pavement for two solid hours."

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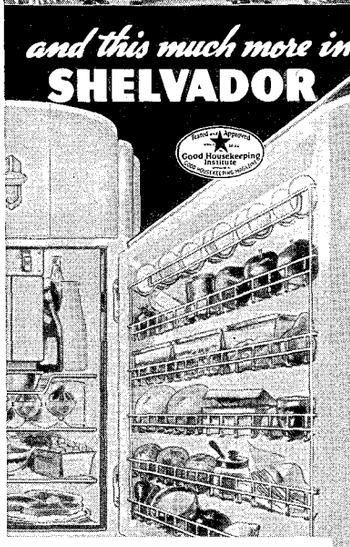

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Parade

"If I had a son I would keep him far away from the market. I would not let him touch it with a ten-foot pole, because there are so many wrecks down there."

Those were once the words of **Arthur W. Cutten**, multimillionaire grain speculator who died in Chicago last week at sixty-six. He never had a son upon whom he could test these words, and he remained a winner in the grain exchanges.

Born in Canada in 1870, he came to Chicago at eighteen. In the following eight years, working as a bookkeeper, Cutten saved a few thousand dollars. In 1896 he bought a seat on the Board of Trade and, by daring and opportune speculation, accumulated a million dollars during the next decade. After the War his feats on the Grain Exchange became sensational; his 1924 income-tax—$540,000—was the largest for any individual in the Chicago district.

At various periods during boom days his wealth was estimated between $50,000,000 and $100,000,000. A government counsel described him as "the greatest speculator this country has ever known." He was reputed to have lost $29,000,000 during the 1929 crash, only to recoup by selling short in the grain pit. He was frequently at variance with the Grain Futures Commission, which tried to bar him from the nation's commodity exchanges for two years. The Supreme Court overruled the Commission last month; but Cutten couldn't take advantage of the decision; his doctors had already ordered him to take a complete rest following a serious illness last winter.

Cutten's tenacity was illustrated in the pursuit of nine robbers who entered his home in 1929. Binding his wife, brother and himself, they made off with $50,000 in jewelry, cash and liquor.

"I will catch those men," he declared, "if it takes the rest of my life, and I will use every dollar at my command. The loss of property is not so important, but they used profanity in the presence of my wife and locked us in a vault where we might have suffocated."

European

Anny Ondra, film actress: as the wife of Max Schmeling, she received flowers from Hitler

It took eight years, but all nine men were caught.

* * *

In an apple orchard setting at Hicksville, L. I., **James G. Blaine**, President of the Marine Midland Trust Company of New York, married **Countess Irina Woronzow-Daschkow**, member of a first family of Imperial Russia.

During a fifty-three-day sea journey from Melbourne, Australia, **Kelvin Rodgers**, blond, husky three-year-old boy, won the sobriquet of "Tarzan" for his climbing proclivities and tried to paint the ship red. Accompanied by his mother, the frisky youngster came to Philadelphia to see Dr. Chevalier Jackson, famous laryngologist.

Eighteen months ago Kelvin swallowed a nail. Doctor Jackson agreed to perform a lung operation gratuitously; the American Pioneer Line gave mother and son free passage. At the Temple Hospital, Doctor Jackson removed the nail in seven minutes by the use of his perfected bronchoscope.

Brig. Gen. Walter S. Grant is the new commandant of the Army War College at Washington. . . . **Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt** are among the Newport patrons of a tablet to be dedicated to the memory of **Dr. John Clarke** and the writers of the Portsmouth Compact, historical document of 300 years back. The memorial will mark the birth site of the first democratic government in North America. . . . **Henry Landon Cabell**, member of the New York Stock Exchange and uncle of **James Branch Cabell**, writer, died at seventy-seven. . . . Asked by Lieut. James Cone of New York why she had left home, an eighteen-year-old Pennsylvania girl retorted, "Because there are no sailors in Scranton."

Breckinridge Long, Ambassador to Italy, is recovering from an operation at the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota. . . . **Dr. James H. Kimball** of the Weather Bureau believes New Yorkers show greater interest in the weather than any other city dwellers. . . . Between the soup and dessert courses of a dinner, **Juanita Arlington** and **Frank Devito**, of New York, met, wooed, and wed. . . . On his sixtieth birthday, **Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars**, curator of reptiles at the Bronx Zoo, announced plans to hunt a giant frog inhabiting the Nariva Lagoon in Trinidad.

Active at 102 and expecting to work another ten years, **Col. James B. Handcock**, itinerant printer, is now in San Francisco. With orders from all over the country, Handcock never stays more than ten days in any city. Doctors have made him give up driving a car.

Sir Herbert Marler, Canadian Minister to Japan, will be the next minister to Washington, succeeding **William Duncan Herridge**. . . . **Dr. W. F. Albright**, Orientalist of Johns Hopkins University, and **Dr. W. B. Castle** of Boston received honorary degrees from Utrecht University, Holland.

Mrs. Max Schmeling (Anny Ondra, film actress) received a gift of flowers from Chancellor Adolf Hitler as a result of her husband's victory over **Joe Louis**. . . . **Alex Yokel**, who came into fame and fortune by producing the play "Three Men on a Horse," married Mrs. Rosalind Levy in New York City. . . . **Col. Francis R. Stoddard** of New York was elected Governor General of the General Society of Colonial Wars. . . . **The Fairview Hospital** of Minneapolis now supplies expectant fathers with sofas, cigarettes and aspirin. . . . In a diet survey it was disclosed that in order to keep their figures, **the Rockettes**, dancing girls at Radio City Music Hall, eat four meals a day.

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Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars . . . hopes his next prize will be a giant frog from Trinidad

In Port Chester, **S. N. Behrman**, playwright ("End of Summer," "Rain from Heaven") married Mrs. Elza Stone, sister of **Jascha Heifetz**, violinist. . . . The long and short of a recent ocean trip was the arrival of the sixteen members of the **Royal Midget Circus** on the *Queen Mary*. The troup is bound for an Atlantic City engagement. . . . After learning the national anthem especially for the occasion, **Lily Pons**, soprano, did not sing it when she visited the grave of its composer, **Francis Scott Key**, at Frederick, Maryland. Reason: There were no pianos available.

King Edward VIII has conferred a new title upon his mother, **Queen Mary**: Dame of the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order. . . . **Paula Lecler**, writer, agreed to sleep in the salon of the Zeppelin Hindenburg. All regular berths were taken. . . . Putting all her favorite recipes in one book, **Mrs. Payne Whitney** turned editor and issued the tome for charity. . . . **John Rapetti**, sculptor and one of the creators of the Statue of Liberty, died at seventy-four.

New singers recently signed for the next season by the Metropolitan Opera Company include **Bidu Sayao**, from Brazil, and **Vina Bovy**, from European capitals. . . . Supreme Court Justice Shientag of New York awarded **Mme. Marie Rappold**, opera star, $12,000 for injuries she suffered when a bus lurched. . . . "Tired of seeing repeated French defeats in international competition," **Leo LaGrange** launched a movement to make France more athletically conscious. He is the Under Secretary of State for sports at Paris.

Brig. Gen. Charles H. Sherrill died in Paris last week at sixty-nine, a little more than a month before the opening of the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin. As American member of the International Olympic Committee, he had won his fight for American participation. His career: champion sprinter at Yale, lawyer in New York, American Minister to the Argentine, head of New York State National Guard, U. S. Ambassador to Turkey, prolific author.

Prince Serge Obolensky spoke for 125 Russian blue-bloods in rejecting the invitation of Baron Giorgio Suriani de Castelnuovo-Calabro to join the Noblemen's Club, an aristocrats' "union" recently organized.

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Sport and Sportsmen

RIVALS TO NURMI: Five Hundred American Runners Competing for Olympics

Shell-shocked sports reporters who learned their lesson at the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight two weeks ago will probably keep their advance predictions strictly private over the next fortnight.

If picking the winner of a boxing match is difficult, calling the finishers in the National Amateur Athletic Union track and field meet this Friday and Saturday, and the Olympic final tryouts the following week-end, is nothing short of impossible.

Five hundred of America's finest athletes, sharing among them 101 national or world championships, past and present, will pack Princeton University's Palmer Stadium in Princeton, New Jersey, this week-end for the 1936 A.A.U. championships.

Win or lose, the following Saturday and Sunday they will move to New York City to dedicate the $1,000,000 Randalls Island Stadium with the final tryouts.

Rehearsal Tests—Actually, the National championships have no bearing on Olympic competition this summer. Yet, with not more than one or two last-minute exceptions, every outstanding athlete who has competed successfully in the twenty-one regional Olympic tryouts since last May, will use the Princeton meet as a dress rehearsal for his final crack at membership on the American team.

While some track experts, notably Lawson Robertson, coach of the American Olympic team, believe too many meets just before the Games have a tendency to "burn out" athletes, most trainers feel that regular, stiff competition sustains the mental and physical "edge" for success abroad.

For runners, the fast Princeton Stadium track offers a last chance to try for world records before they leave for Berlin. The Randalls Island track is new and, therefore, not sufficiently well settled to afford fast footing, experts say.

On the Princeton Stadium cinders, runners have set three world records in the past two years: Ben Eastman in the half-mile (1 min. 49.8 secs.); Glenn Cunningham in the mile (4 min. 6.7 secs.); and, three weeks ago, Donald Lash in the two-miles (8 min. 58.3 secs.). All three will compete in the coming meets.

Promising Aspirant—Most sensational of the athletes entered in both meets is a wiry, short, twenty-one-year-old Negro, Jesse Owens, a likely bet for any reporter seeking to cover himself for picking Louis.

Like Louis, Owens, a junior at Ohio State University, was born on a farm in Alabama, came north as a child, and almost immediately after graduation from grammar school started winning athletic trophies. His freshman year at Ohio State, Owens set a world record in the indoor broad jump and tied the world's sixty-yard dash mark.

Two weeks ago the Negro athlete, competing in the National Collegiate championships at Chicago, won the broad jump, the 200-meter dash, the 220-yard low hurdles, and set an unofficial world record for the 100-meter dash in 10.2 seconds, to become the first man in the history of the meet to win four championships two years in a row.

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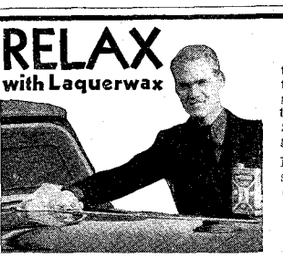

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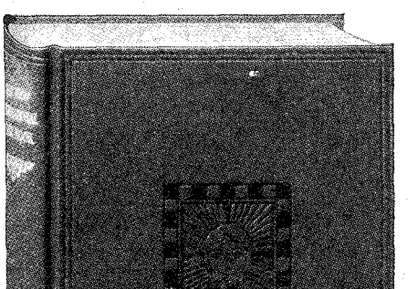

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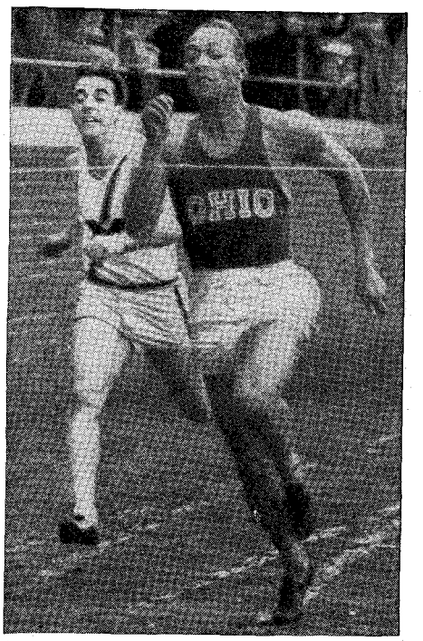

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Jesse Owens (right)—track star and an American "dark hope" in the Olympics

the National championships this year is Harry Hinkel, a forty-year-old Los Angeles accountant, who has won the 5,000-meter walking event eleven consecutive years, a record unparalleled in any other track and field specialty.

Less spectacular than the sprints or distance runs, heel-and-toe walking, a somewhat ludicrous performance requiring an awkward rolling of hips and shoulders, is one of the oldest American sports.

Wonder Man—For sheer endurance, no heel-and-toe walker ever has surpassed the record of Edward Payson Weston, who died in 1929 at the age of ninety. To pay off an election bet in 1860 Weston walked 478 miles from Boston to Washington, D. C., in ten days flat.

Pleased with his success, he made walking a professional career.

For heel-and-toeing from Portland, Maine, to Chicago in twenty-six days, Weston won $10,000. After forty years of steady competition, he celebrated his seventieth birthday in 1909 by walking from New York to San Francisco in a little more than one hundred days.

While Weston's forte was not speed walking and does not compare with present-day records, most old-timers will argue endlessly about the comparative ability of modern and earlier runners. But vastly improved time in nearly every event during the past fifty years indicates a steady development in running technique.

Before 1880, 4 minutes 40 seconds was fast stepping for the mile run. Fifty-four years later Glenn Cunningham, of Kansas University, ran the distance in 4 minutes, 6 1/10 seconds. Why the great difference?

Secret of Power—The answer, most coaches say, is pace. Fifty years ago coaches taught distance runners to hold strength in reserve for the final spurt. Racing time meant nothing. Beating the other fellow was the thing.

The first to recognize the fallacy of this method was Paavo Nurmi, the great Finnish distance champion. Over the several miles between his home and the city of Abo, where he worked, Nurmi set out pegs at regular intervals. Morning and evening he ran the course, schooling himself to cover

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each distance in a fixed number of seconds. Gradually he noticed he could run farther and faster with less effort.

Before every race, he drew up a time-table for each quarter mile. He wore a wrist-watch to check against the schedule. On his retirement four years ago, the master of perfect pace held world records in the two-mile, five-mile, six-mile and ten-mile events.

ROAD SCORCHERS:

Cyclists to Pedal in Final Tryout for Olympic Team

Chances are no serious demonstrations of panic or indignation will delay America's best amateur "scorchers" this Sunday as they pedal grimly through the countryside near Paterson, New Jersey, in a final tryout for the Olympic cycling team.

For one thing, modern road-racers do their "scorching" early in the morning, a grudging concession to automobile traffic. For another, they have no time for terrifying pedestrians, a favorite diversion of bicycle cut-ups forty years ago.

On Sunday, their noses barely skimming the handle-bars, silk jerseys ballooning in the wind, legs pistoning furiously, the thirty-odd survivors of fifty-seven State and Sectional trials will toil along to a minor obbligato of slithering tires and clicking bike chains.

Rocky Race-Course—Two and a half hours of pedaling, up-hill and down, at twenty, thirty, sometimes fifty miles an hour. Sixty-two and a half weary miles of smooth macadam and jarring cobblestones.

Then, unmindful of aching muscles, a final, hell-bent, hundred-yard sprint for the finish and the honor of making the five-man Olympic squad to compete at Berlin in August.

The glory may end right there in Paterson. In seven Olympiads, against vastly more experienced riders equipped with faster bicycles, Americans have never won a single team or individual championship.

From a box-office standpoint, too, in spite of the stamina and courage and daring of the riders, the sport is a dud. Without following in a car spectators can see only the start and finish of a cross-country race.

But for all their frank apathy toward amateur road-racing, Americans have, during the past two years, taken a violent interest in recreational bicycling that threatens to revive the halcyon scorching days of the 1890's.

Pioneer Wheelman—The amazing boom in bicycle riding during the 'nineties was the natural outgrowth of Thomas Stevens's four-year trip through Europe and Asia, begun in 1883.

When the "safety" bicycle, with its light frame, small wheels, and pneumatic tires came along in the late 'eighties, manufacturers were set for a killing. No more spills from the five-foot wheel of the old days. Here was a bicycle anybody could ride.

And everybody did. By 1890 the League of American Wheelmen, formed ten years before to boost interest in cycling and urge legislators to smooth out bumpy roads, had a membership of 200,000. By 1896 bicycle sales had jumped to more than 1,000,000 a year.

Speed and long-distance runs kept interest at white heat for a decade. Bicycling "scorchers" of 1892 whistled in amazement when John S. Johnson, at Independence, Iowa, pedaled a mile at an average speed of thirty-eight miles an hour, faster than many passenger-trains of the day.

Record Journey—Four years later Sir John F. Fraser duplicated Stevens's epoch-making bike tour of the world, riding 19,237 miles through seventeen countries in 774 days, probably the longest bicycle junket in history.

To old-time cyclists of the 'nineties, few men typified speed and endurance more heroically than "Mile-a-Minute" Charles M. Murphy, holder in his day of seven world, seventeen American, and twenty-nine State speed records. Murphy figured he could attain virtually unlimited speed if he could overcome atmospheric resistance. His chance to prove it came on June 30, 1899.

Between the rails of the Long Island Railroad, engineers laid a plank pathway nearly three miles long. From the rear platform of a passenger-coach they projected a hood and side shields extending back more than eleven feet.

Bombarded by cinders, dust and dirt, his bicycle jouncing madly over the uneven planking, Murphy followed the train over the three-mile course. At times he had to slow down to keep from smashing into the bumper of the pacing coach.

The official time for the measured mile was 57 4/5 seconds, or slightly better than an average of sixty miles an hour. His run, the first practical demonstration of the theory behind stream-lining, still stands as a world's record.

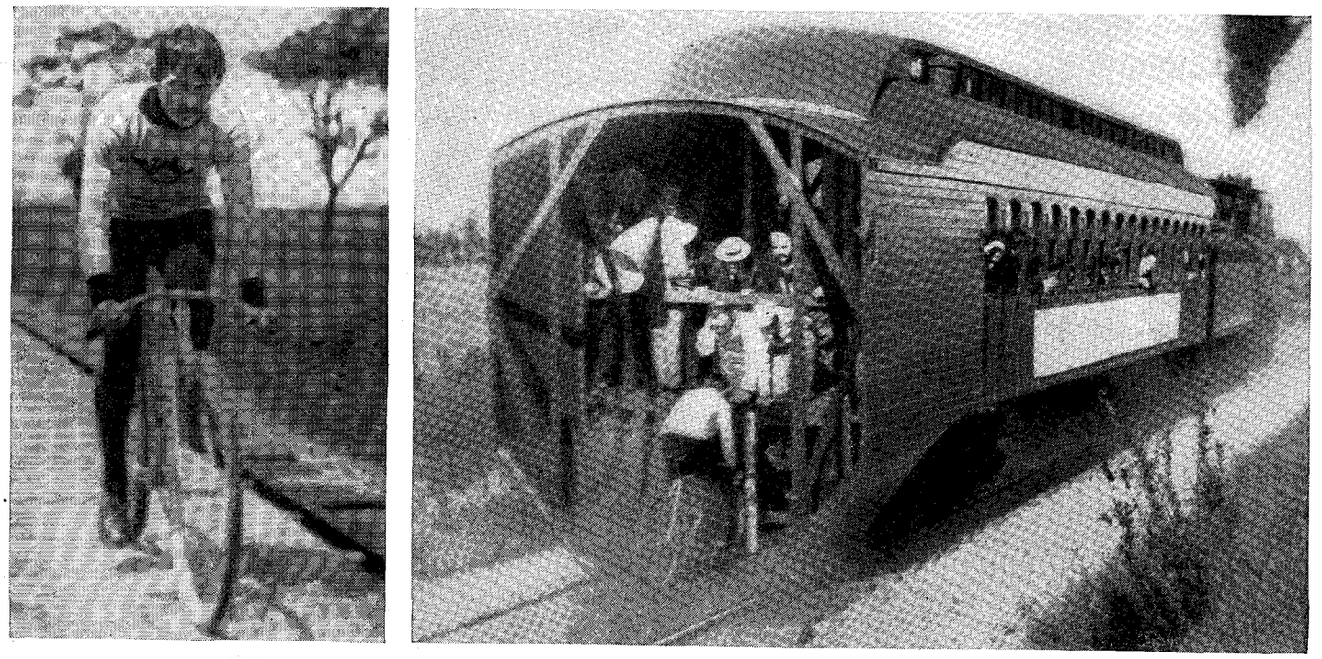
Motoring Blow—But not even spectacular speed records could halt the inevitable decline of interest in bicycling. With the rapid development of the automobile at the turn of the century, bicycle sales promptly plummeted. By 1931 they reached a low of 260,000 annually.

To revive a near-dead industry, manufacturers and dealers last year started one of the shrewdest sales campaigns in history. Through the official organization, the Cycle Trades of America, they broadcast safety hints for child riders, stressed cycling's health-giving value to adults, promoted bicycle trails in city parks, and induced railroads to run "bike trains" into the country.

Biggest shot in the campaign was the promotion of "bicycle clothes" for women. Designers created the "culotte," or divided skirt; bicycle sales to women jumped from 8 per cent. to 20 per cent. of the total in 1935, doubled again in six months of 1936.

In the first year of the campaign, manufacturers saw their sales sky-rocket to 750,000, and jump another 30 per cent. for this year.

Whether the current bicycle fad will die a sudden death, like the miniature golf and pogo-stick manias of the past, is still uncertain. But manufacturers point out that there were probably not more than 4,000,000 bicycles in America in the 'nineties, whereas the 1936 total is somewhere between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000.



"Mile-a-Minute" Charles M. Murphy, in the first practical demonstration of the theory underlying stream-lining (1899), had to slow down to keep from smashing into the bumper of the pacing coach

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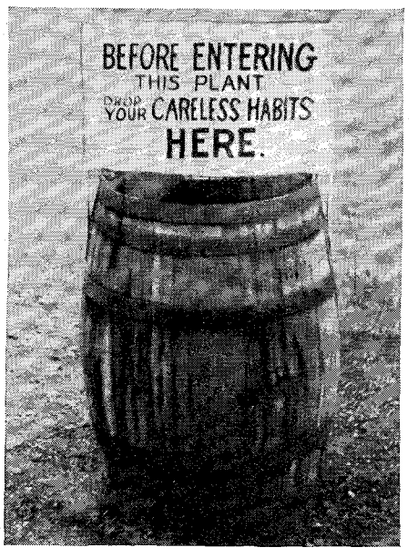
BURNING UP $4,000,000 IN THE SKIES

Fireworks Displays on Fourth Expected to Reach 1929 Tide



LITERARY DIGEST Photos by Tom Maley

The entrance to a typical fireworks factory is guarded by this sentinel, while . . .

John Adams counseled fellow revolutionists to celebrate their newly proclaimed independence with "pomp, parades, bonfires and illuminations." To-day a $7,000,000 industry blesses his enthusiasm.

For two months, from bulging warehouses in Elkton, Maryland; Staten Island, New York; New Brunswick, New Jersey, and other fireworks centers, rockets, salutes, cherry bombs and Roman candles have flowed to distributing points. This week-end they resound with a whopping clatter throughout the country; no less whopping will be the $4,000,000 which will clink in fireworks producers' tills as a result.

This spring, producers predicted 1936 total production (fireworks plants operate from September to June) would top the $6,500,000 level of 1929, thus doubling the depressed $3,000,000 of last year. To support its predictions the Unexcelled Manufacturing Company, New York City, which annually grosses one-third of the industry's total volume, cited a 200 per cent. sales increase; Paramount Fireworks Company, which dominates the $250,000 export trade to South America, announced a 500 per cent. rise.

Despite the sharp production decline in the 1930-'35 period, producers describe their business as one of the country's most stable and enduring. Solidly, they point out, it rests on two fairly sturdy supports: patriotism and the perennial demand for spectacular entertainment.

Five centuries before Americans popped firecrackers to celebrate their independence, European military fire-workers scared foes out of their wits with flaming rockets. In 1815 at Waterloo, a British rocket brigade caused havoc among the French with thirty-inch-long incendiary rockets that gushed fire as they struck. In the previous year Francis Scott Key had noted the "rockets' red glare" during the British attack on Baltimore and immortalized it in the national anthem.

When the rocket gave way to the cannon as an engine of war, it remained as the feature attraction of fireworks displays. Early nineteenth-century English resorts, tea-gardens and bowling-greens advertised pyrotechnics to lure customers.

Early displays consisted of torches and flares whose active ingredient was saltpeter. When the Crystal Palace inaugurated displays near London in 1865 colors already had been introduced.

For detonation and sparks, fire-workers mixed saltpeter, charcoal and sulfur, the recipe for gunpowder. To produce colored flame they add metal salts: copper for green, sodium for yellow, strontium for fine crimson tints.

Most important to the fireworks industry are displays ordered by golf and country clubs, communities and individuals.

Graded Displays—For $60, a patriotic hostess can fire a display of electric shells, star rockets, Roman candles, whirling sunwheels, a storm king bombardment of screeching rockets, and fifty other items.

For $140 a country club or community can startle a sizable audience with battle-in-the-clouds shells that release a machine-gun tattoo, with an aerial blizzard, and rock the countryside with repeating bomb-shells and a grand finale.

Clubs or resorts may spend as much as $5,000; the average is $500. Costly shows crash $30 bombs, fire $30 fire curtains and set $40 jeweled towers sparkling.

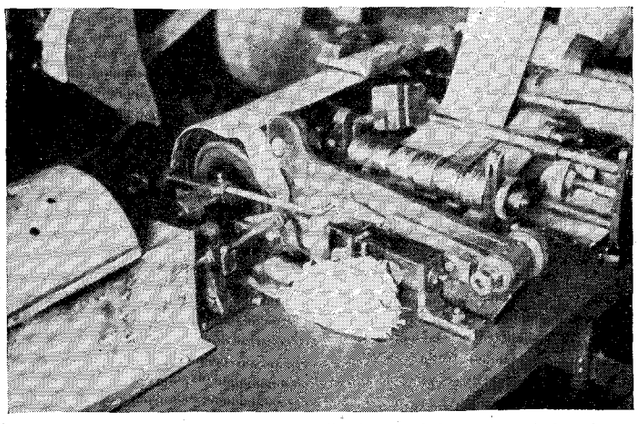
As important to the display as the fireworks is the pyrotechnician, showman of the industry. For eight months he earns a $75 weekly salary by experimenting with newfangled din-makers and supervising production. Late in June he packs his bag and hustles around to aid customers.

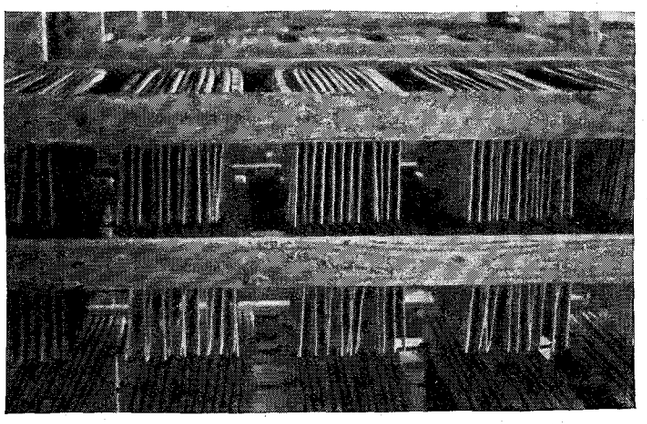
Aided by an apprentice, he builds a wood or lattice framework upon which he hangs a wired outline of a portrait. To this he attaches lances (cases of color or "bright" composition, the size of a cigarette). To flash the portrait he ignites fuses of gunpowder and starch. Upon a framework can be hung any design or lettered message.

Washington and Lincoln portraits flash oftenest before fireworks audiences. This summer and fall, however, politics will mingle with pyrotechnics. One company already has fabricated frames to flash portraits of Landon and Roosevelt.

Fiery Hen—Veteran fireworks fans last summer shouted their delight at a new "set piece" (as distinguished from ascending pieces). Outlined against the night sky at Jones Beach, New York, a ten-foot hen flashed in flaming color, strutted awkwardly a few steps, sat down, and laid a fiery egg; then the hen rose, and a chick stepped from the egg. The process was repeated until the mother hen had laid three eggs and hatched three chicks. Four pyrotechnician's assistants helped her lay the eggs; one, protected by a tin shield carried the "walking hen"; three carried the chicks. The glare hid the stage-hands.

Seldom does the pyrotechnician find as lavish scope for his artistry as in last July's fireworks commemoration in Guatemala City, Guatemala, of the 100th anniversary





. . . inside, machines cut, roll, glue, and dye pyrotechnic tubes and (right) thousands of sparklers are hung up in racks to dry . . .

. . . before being packed for shipment

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of the national hero, General Barrios. For three weeks, Milton M. Yarrington, sales manager for the Paramount Fireworks Company, fabricated the huge frames on the spot. Included was a thirty-foot bust of Guatemala's President Ubico and a forty-foot portrait of General Barrios astride his horse. Sixty thousand Guatemalans roared approval as Yarrington and 100 assistants touched off a fireworks battle between a fort and a gunboat. The display cost the tiny nation $8,000. American communities seldom spend this sum.

Firecrackers constitute one-fourth of fireworks sales volume; for the young celebrator nothing can supplant them. More than 2,000,000 pounds of red-papered crackers costing about $500,000 crackle throughout the country this year. Virtually all come from China, the only cracker-producing country. American manufacturers find it cheaper to buy crackers overseas than to compete with Oriental hand labor.

Safe and sane July Fourth campaigns have ousted high explosive or potash cannon crackers and blank cartridges. Once they caused 99 per cent. of Independence Day injuries.

Casualties Reduced—Only four persons died of fireworks burns last summer; some 500, mostly children under ten, suffered injuries. Show injuries are negligible. To protect themselves, fireworks companies take routine insurance on spectators.

Producers welcome the bans which most large communities impose on fireworks sales. Organizations generally compensate with a display which consumes more fireworks than private celebrators could buy.

Independence Day festivities absorb about two-thirds of total fireworks production. Part of the remaining third goes to South America, part for summer displays at popular resorts. Some goes below the Mason and Dixon's Line, where Southern children gleefully touch matches to crackers, pin-wheels, and Roman candles while Northern youngsters are opening packages under tinsel-decorated spruce and hemlock trees as they hear *Santa Claus* dash off through the snow with sleigh-bells jingling. In England, too, December 25 is a day for noise and fireworks.

In Great Britain, fireworks flash on Guy Fawkes Day; in Canada on royal birthdays, in France on Bastille Day, in Italy and South America on Saints' Days.

Fondest of firecrackers are the Chinese. They pop them at births, funerals and in religious ceremonies. When King George V died, the Chinese Government sought to pay particular respect to the British Monarch's memory. On the funeral day, by decree, no crackers popped in China.

GILT EDGES: "Social Register" as Index of Business Recovery Lists Holiday-Making "400"

To gage business trends, executives watch orthodox barometers: commodity-price indices, steel-capacity percentages, car-loadings, stock-and-bond price-averages.

They don't generally consider the "Social Register" such a barometer. But last week they thumbed the newly-released 879-page summer edition anyway. No less indicative of business recovery were the "Register's" own prosperity indicators: more summer addresses among the socially prominent, more overseas junkets, more yachts.

The "Social Register" lists the John Jacob Astors in New York, the Franklin D. Roosevelts in Washington, the A. Felix du Ponts in Philadelphia. It lists also the socially prominent in Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, San Francisco, Baltimore, and Buffalo.

Following each name is the summer address, the phone number and, if the registrite owns a yacht, an illustration depicting its class: one mainsail and jib for a sloop, two mainsails and jib for a schooner, one smokestack for steam-yacht or launch.

New Figures—Hinting better times and freer spending were these figures:

Yachts: this season, 1,106; last year, 1,051.
Trips overseas: this season, 778 families; last year 740.
Shore-resort leasings: this season, 5,705 families; last year 5,514.

Ended was the wave of 1932 and 1933 economizing, when the nation's most prosperous families balanced domestic budgets by refusing to budge from city homes.

For vacation spots, social registrites favor inland resorts. The John D. Rockefeller, Jrs., prefer Tarrytown, New York. The August Belmonts summer at Gladstone, New Jersey. The Adirondacks, rural New England, Canada and western ranches this season will attract 6,900 socially prominent families against 6,600 last year.

Shore resorts lure many also. The Cornelius Vanderbilts summer at Newport,

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Juliana Cutting, one of society's arbiters (left), with a Social Registrite

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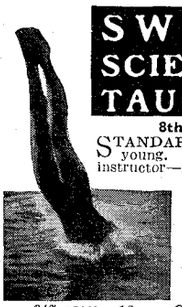

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Rhode Island. Bar Harbor, Maine, and Narragansett, Massachusetts, attract 2,528 families; Long Island, 1,716, and the New Jersey coast-line, 437.

The increased exodus of registrites from city homes reflected not only improved fortunes but spelled increased income for resorts, railways, ship-lines, and hotels.

Altho registrites' phone numbers, summer addresses, yacht-club membership are no secret, the manner in which they achieve the "Register" puzzles those chosen equally as much as those snubbed.

List-Compilers—In offices several blocks from the Empire State Building, New York City, the Social Register Association compiles and publishes its list.

There Miss Bertha M. Eastmond, of Summit, New Jersey, and Charles Keller Beekman of Park Avenue, New York City, rule as arbiters. An inquirer at the "Register" office will be told to write the Advisory Committee; the name of its members, however, he will find nowhere listed. Unofficially mentioned are Emily Post, authority on manners, and Miss Juliana Cutting, social secretary and specialist in débutante parties. Final decisions on selections rest most frequently with Miss Eastmond.

In the early 1900's Miss Eastmond took a job with the founder of the "Register," Louis Keller. Because she could spell and get names of yachts right, Mr. Keller cherished her. His will bequeathed her a lifetime $10,000-a-year-job and 10 per cent. of "Register" profits. Mr. Beekman became executor.

At Summit, Miss Eastmond lives in an unostentatious yellow house with green blinds, surrounded by a white picket-fence. She never has been interviewed, and is little known by her neighbors. She cherishes no social ambitions, and the "Register" does not list her name. Under Miss Eastmond's guidance the cosy little book Louis Keller launched, in 1887, has expanded to include 17,000 names.

Less pretentious even than Miss Eastmond's home are the Social Register Association offices. A visitor can get as far only as the black waiting-room in which a clerk greets callers. Inside, where selections are made, no visitors are permitted.

SEC BOMBSHELL: Report Assailing Security Trading Practises Stirs Wall Street

Wall Street brokers boiled on one of last week's coolest days. Before the few of them who could obtain copies lay a report of the Securities and Exchange Commission, delivered to Congress on the last day of the session. Others pondered over press excerpts of the voluminous document, which stretched for 112 pages, with an additional eighty pages of appendices.

What angered them was the SEC's advocacy of revolutionary changes in trading practises on the country's security exchanges. The report implied in more than one instance that the security brokerage business was not entirely on the up-and-up.

Most brokers kept a tight-lipped silence, waiting for official action by the New York Exchange, but one grizzled Exchange member spoke out. "The document has all the earmarks of a political speech," he thundered, "and it is filled with unfair insinuations all the way through."

Later in the week, Charles R. Gay, Exchange President, notified members that all would get copies.

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James M. Landis, Chairman of the SEC: he hopes to curb speculation by brokers on markets

While not ready to comment, Mr. Gay indicated a possible legal battle by referring the report to a special law committee for study.

The SEC report was aimed at the country's thirty-two security exchanges and their 6,082 members, and more specifically at the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Curb Exchange, on whose floors nearly 95 per cent. of all security trading on exchanges takes place.

The report struck out particularly at the dual function that many exchange members exercise while buying and selling securities—acting as brokers, or agents, for customers; and acting as dealers, trading for their own accounts.

Fear for Customer—Combining the two functions in the same individual or firm, the SEC contended, involves a conflict of interest that may well work out to the disadvantage of the brokerage customer.

Most frequently it found this combination in the commission broker who through his firm effects floor transactions in stocks for the public; the floor broker, who primarily executes orders for other exchange members and member firms; the specialist, who confines his activities on the floor to a particular stock or group of stocks, and bond brokers and dealers.

The SEC maintained that trading in stocks of exchange members for their own account amounts to about 24 per cent. of the total volume of all trading on the large exchanges. A type of this activity, it said, "exerts an undue influence on prices, incites public speculation, leads to disorderly markets and interferes with the effective fulfilment of the brokerage function."

Highlighted in the report was a section laying out the competitive advantages that members who trade on the floor for their own account enjoy over the general public. Much of this trading, the SEC contends, is the in-and-out type known as "daylight" trading. A floor member may trade actively during the day, usually seeking a profit from a small price fluctuation and a quick turnover of a relatively large commitment. Securities purchased are sold out before the close of the trading session, with the member trader paying only a small clearing charge, while an outsider would pay a commission.

Advantage in Trading—Added to this, it continued, the floor trader can trade with less capital than non-members because in daylight trading he is not called upon to put up the purchase price, nor to margin his purchase. And because of his presence on the floor he can revise his market appraisal quickly when a price trend appears.

SEC proposals to restrain the "undue speculative influence" of floor trading took form in two definite recommendations:

1. With the exception of specialists, all members on the floor of the exchanges dealing in stock would be segregated as to function. They could be brokers for others or dealers for themselves, but not both.

2. All persons trading on the floor for their own account should be "fully margined" at all times. This implies that members must have available liquid resources equal to margins.

Instead of recommending legislation, the SEC decided that it already had sufficient power to enforce its suggestions. It will do so either by "regulations" or by mandatorily "suggesting" to the exchanges that they adopt rules written by the Commission after conferences.

Many brokers resent the latest SEC move on two grounds. They believe that the rules laid down for business conduct by such an institution as the New York Stock Exchange are fully sufficient to protect investors. They defend floor trading and a moderate amount of speculation on the basis of a liquid market. These factors, they say, prevent wide spreads between bid and asked prices, assuring a hard-pressed investor of a reasonably fair price for his security.

But James M. Landis, the SEC's Chairman, who aims to reduce stock markets to investment mediums, pooh-poohs much of the liquidity induced by speculation.

"It is important not to regard existing liquidity," he said, "as a fetish—a mode of thought whose prevalence in this country has unquestionably been increased by the attempts of professional speculators to justify their profession."

Editorial Comment: "Indifference to liquidity is a point of view which is possible," the Baltimore *Sun* declared, "when everything is favorable for a rising market, but when prices break from one to five points, the small investor in stocks, as in any other form of property, is grateful for the existence of a market which will take his holding at some price when distress makes a sale necessary."

"In a word," *The Wall Street Journal* noted, "it seems unnecessary to adopt measures to curb the volume of floor trading if speculation by others is to be kept within reasonable bounds. Traders do not and can not live off each other."

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Aviation

CLOUD-HOPPERS WITHOUT FEATHERS

They Watch Hawks and Buzzards, Get Into Gliders and Soar

Thick white cumulus clouds bulged over the low hills around Elmira. It was a typical New York State summer day. On South Mountain and Harris Hill, fifty-odd glider pilots, with half that number of motorless sailplanes standing by, watched hawks and buzzards spiraling upward without bothering to flap their wings.

Some of the 3,000 eager spectators at the seventh annual meeting of the Soaring Society of America met there for the first time. Others remembered seven years back, when three Germans started a gliding school on Cape Cod. But all were ready to learn more about man's conquest of the air without benefit of gas or gasoline.

They learned much from a tall, slender aristocrat in his late twenties whose cleanly chiseled features recall the hawk he emulates. While the billowing clouds scudded by, Richard C. du Pont, of Wilmington, Delaware, whose name is hitched to dynamite and cellophane—rather than motorless aircraft, strapped a parachute onto his white-shirted back.

Sling-Shot Take-Off—Wearing no helmet, goggles or leather jerkin, he slid into the cockpit of his *Coppingen I*, a new, made-in-Germany sailplane that cost $650. A light breeze ruffled his blond hair as he prepared to take off by using a shock-cord.

The shock-cord is an elastic rope device for catapulting the sailplane into the air like a stone from a youngster's sling-shot. Two three-quarter-inch-thick ropes made up of rubber bands are linked to a metal hook on the nose of the plane, while the plane's tailpiece is tied by rope to a tree.

"Walk," Dick du Pont sang out.

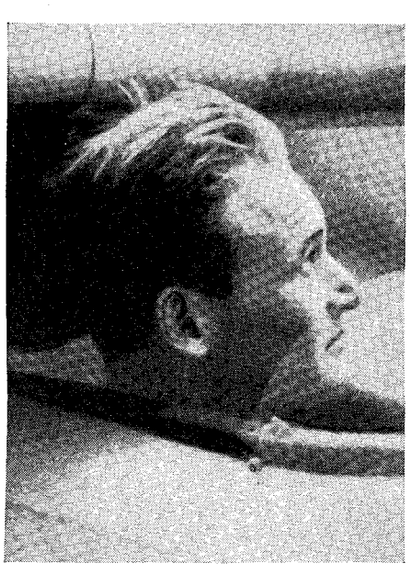
The four men in his crew walked a dozen paces until the elastic rope became taut.

"Run!" he commanded, and they darted another dozen paces.

"Go!" he shouted, and the man stationed beside the tail sliced the hemp rope with one swing of a keen machête and the sailplane zoomed into space.

Cloud-hopping is as good a show as gliding provides. By using upward air-currents at the edges of hills, the plane sailor soars. Constant upward winds are found here, for vaporous clouds generally are the fountain-head of up-currents of warm, moist air.

Once inside a cloud, the sailplane is sustained by rising air-currents. But when the cloud thins out, then the cloud-hopper must find another quickly or use the only motor he has—gravity.



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Richard du Pont in his glider: "You get the impression you're pretty much of a guy"

Cloud-Dodging—"You get most of the fun dodging from cloud to cloud," says Dick du Pont.

"When you're up in a glider it's you against the elements. There's no noise, and you can watch the buzzards snooping by to see what sort of foolishness is going on, and you get the impression you're pretty much of a guy, flipping along with nothing to hold you up but the air."

Du Pont should be able to compare sailplaning and speed-flying. He has whizzed thousands of miles in fast racing-planes as well as smashed American gliding records.

His chosen sport isn't modern. Archeologists think they've unearthed evidence showing that the ancient Cretans knew how to build gliders.

That most versatile of Italians, Leonardo da Vinci, studied the theory of the flight of birds and concluded that a man with suitable apparatus should be able to support himself in the air.

Wright Gliders—Long before their first successful air-plane flight on December 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the Wright Brothers fiddled with gliders; their idea was to make motors accelerate natural soaring. But it was the Versailles Treaty that turned gliding into real sport.

Germany, hampered by Treaty restrictions, subsidized three huge training-camps to teach sport-loving youngsters how to fly. Ten thousand were trained, and the pick of them now are officers in the Goering-created German Air Force.

Clerks of the weather bureaus in many countries brought their science to bear on gliding. Taming the breezes for the plane sailors, they classified the winds into four groups:

1. Vertical, most common type, in which the wind sweeps across level plains, and, forced against the hills, shoots upward for varying distances.
2. Cumulus cloud up-current, where air is lighter under clouds, with an uplifting force sending the sailplane upward. This is "cloud-hopping," in which pilots gain altitude from one cloud, then glide on to the next for added altitude and distance.
3. Thermal up-currents, in which the wind ascends in spirals much as does the warm air in a cool room (this brings altitude in a hurry).
4. Thunder-cloud flying, testing the pilot's skill to the utmost (yet one world record was set riding an electrical storm).

Even that fourth variety has no terrors for Miss Lucretia Buxton, slender young Californian. She has been gliding seven years since her father, Jay Buxton, veteran pilot, taught her when she was sixteen to soar off slopes along the Pacific Ocean. At the Elmira meeting she held the good-will of all the plane sailors, whether she was in the two-place glider with her father, or playing her saxophone to amuse the camp.

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Mail

(*Continued from page 1*)

signatures has been known from prehistoric times.

The first use of classified finger-prints for identification was made in China, some time after 900 A.D. In 1877, Sir William J. Herschel, British Administrator in Bengal, outlined in a semiofficial report a system of finger-print identification.

In 1880, another Englishman, Dr. Henry Faulds, of the Tsukiji Hospital of Tokyo, also published a treatise on finger-prints. From the work of these two, and from an article on the Chinese system by the American Doctor McCarthy, the English anthropologist, Sir Francis Galton, evolved the Galton-Henry classification, adopted by Scotland Yard in 1901, and now most widely used.

In 1898, the Argentine Juan Vucetich introduced into his own country a system similar to Galton's, which has been utilized in a few cities in Europe and in South America.—*Editor.*]

Court Balance

Sir:—In your June 6 issue in the article, "Court Balance," you stated, "Congress and the States could, by Constitutional amendment, enlarge the court's membership or the Constitution itself could be made more flexible."

In the following section of the Constitution you will find that Congress, in its own power, can change the membership of the Court; that is, it can be increased by statute. Past Administrations have taken advantage of this section by increasing the number of Supreme Court members in order to review legislation in favor of the Administration of that time.

Art. III, sec. 1: "The judicial power of the United States, shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." CASIMIR SLIWA.

Cicero, Illinois.

[It is not even necessary for a statute to be enacted to increase the membership of the Supreme Court. The President could appoint any number of new members, but the appointments would have to be approved by the Senate. —*Editor.*]

Socialist Rift

Sir:—We know you will want to correct one very misleading statement which appeared in your issue of June 6, on the Socialist Convention in Cleveland, that "Only a motion for adjournment and a promise to submit the question of whether the Party should unite with the Communist during the present campaign ended a new outbreak of quarreling."

The facts are quite different. It was unanimously agreed that there should be no united ticket with the Communists and no united front with them along political lines. The question at issue had to do with joint action with various labor groups, including Communists, in matters of civil liberty, in demonstration, etc., and the terms on which it should be permitted.

May I add that there was no split in the Socialist Party at the Convention? The Convention simply refused to seat a group of delegates from New York representing an Old Guard faction which had previously defied the authority of the National Executive Committee for reasons by no means wholly based on differences of opinion on the Declaration of Principles.

Finally, may I add that Mr. James H. Maurer did not become Chairman of the Social-Democratic Federation of the United States? Instead he gave out a statement to the press saying that he had refused to bolt. JOHN HERLING,

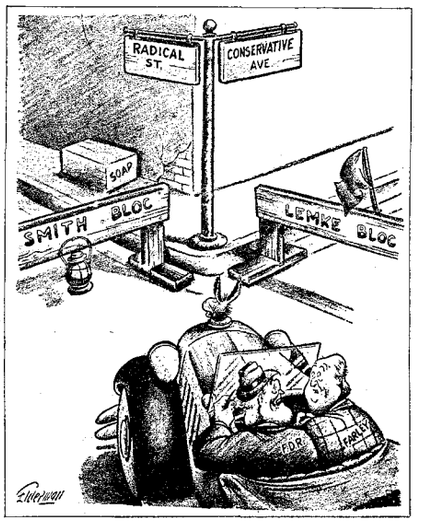
Director.

Socialist News Bureau.

Washington, District of Columbia.

[Tho Norman Thomas minimized the rift, the press of the nation was in general agreement that the bolting of the Party by the Eastern Old Guard group and the organizing of the Social Democratic Federation constituted a schism.

Early news dispatches reported that James H. Maurer had been selected provisional chairman of the offshoot organization, but, as Mr. Herling says, he declined to bolt the Party whose cause he had espoused for half a century.—*Editor.*]



WHERE'S THE DETOUR?
—Elderman in the Washington Post

Slips That Pass in Type

E—— H—— is convinced: "A woman in her thirties is not at the height of her charm, because she is generally unhappier then than at any other time in her life, because she is looking back wistfully on her youth. She looks forward to what she thinks is bleak old age and wonders how she will survive wrinkles, silver sair, etc. "Once I passed by foreieth borthappiest wife is the busiest wife, on the can-opener basis than to well as herself."—*Aberdeen (S. D.) paper.*

It gets even better at fifty.

Wednesday, June 17—
TO RENT—Arm chairs. Stand in grass. A—— P——.

Thursday, June 18—
FOR SALE—On shares. Standing grass A—— P——. —*Torrington (Conn.) paper.*

Better take the next one sitting down.

The boy's father, A—— B——, is divorced from the mother and lives in Chicago. Mrs. E—— is also divorced from her relief check by working as a boy.—*San Francisco (Calif.) paper.*

Life is so complicated.

They Attended the last Sunday parade of those in the graduating class at West Point. The entire cast is made up from members of the dancing school.—*Ellenville (N. Y.) paper.*

"You're in the chorus now
You're not behind a plow."

I. B. P——, sailor boy, is tremendously interested in horses. Will one please write to him?—*New York magazine.*

Sea-horses preferred?

F—— F——, the one-time night club favorite here, is a bit hit these a.m.'s at the Casanova.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper.*

Not so popular, eh?

A—— G—— said his son was 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighed 16 pounds, had a light complexion, brown hair and blue eyes and "wore big shoes."—*San Francisco paper.*

Maybe that was him that just blew around the corner.

In an empty dining-room of a Cleveland Hotel, Senator Borah faced 200 reporters.—*The Literary Digest.*

Well, *practically* empty.

Miss Phyllis H—— entertained friends from Bostetter Sunday.

Mr. H—— is able to get around and do a little light work now.—*Burley (Idaho) paper.*

You can't keep a good man down.

The Jefferson Square Improvement club offers a prize of five dollars for the best poem on the N. P. crossing at So. 17th and Pacific. Profanity barred.—*Tacoma (Wash.) paper.*

Keep it in the realm of fancy.

Miss N—— K—— was hostess on Thursday to a luncheon of beautiful appointments in honor of Mrs. H——.

A most delicious three course luncheon was served.

The honoree was filled with summer flowers in postal shades.—*Abingdon (Va.) paper.*

Mostly two-cent reds, one-cent greens, and a few yellow air-mail.

Miss S—— D—— of New Salem complained thieves killed a calf in a pasture and dragged it to her father's barn where they butchered it, for the second time within the last few weeks.—*Brownsville (Pa.) paper.*

Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well.

King Coronation
Set May 37, 1937
—*Portland (Ore.) paper.*

Greenwich time?

A gasoline stove which was not acting right frightened occupants of the house this morning and the fire department was called, but caused no damage.—*Carbondale (Ill.) paper.*

Showing admirable, if unaccustomed, restraint.

Merger—
BURLEY MAN WEDS
A NATION'S CAPITAL
—*Burley (Idaho) paper.*

He'll lose interest after the honeymoon.

His attendants should match in character those of the bride. If she wears a veal, then, sartorially speaking, the wedding becomes a formal one, regardless of whether the ceremony is held in a cathedral or a country home. —*Akron (Ohio) paper.*

Formal? When she wears a steak on her eye?

"Money makes everybody happy, don't it?" he countered. "Ah likes it ma'self an' winnin' at fightin' makes me right smart happy, too. Ah ain't had much trouble cause of de money or frame. Ah guess Ah can take it. Ah'm goin' in the movies after dis fight. Ah don't know iffin it's 9 shasenacsked' a. .ba- n'thango goin' to be a fightin' pitcher, 'cause dey ain't told me zakly what it's 'bout yit."—*Louisville (Ky.) paper.*

Pahdon mah S'uthun accent.

You can almost chart the course of a man's affections by his presents. When he first falls in love his impulse is to lavish gifts upon the woman on whom he has set his heart. Smother her in silks. Feed her on nightmares' tongues. —*Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper.*

With applesauce.

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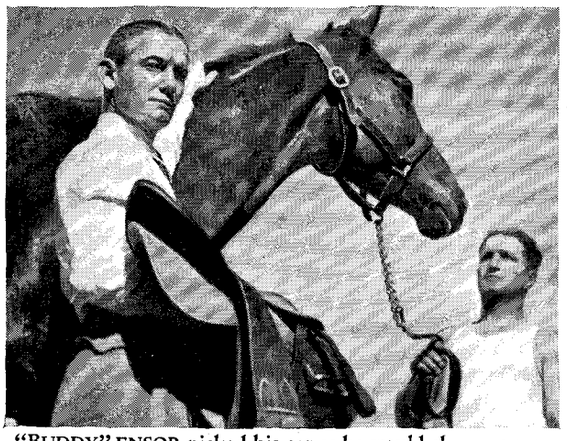
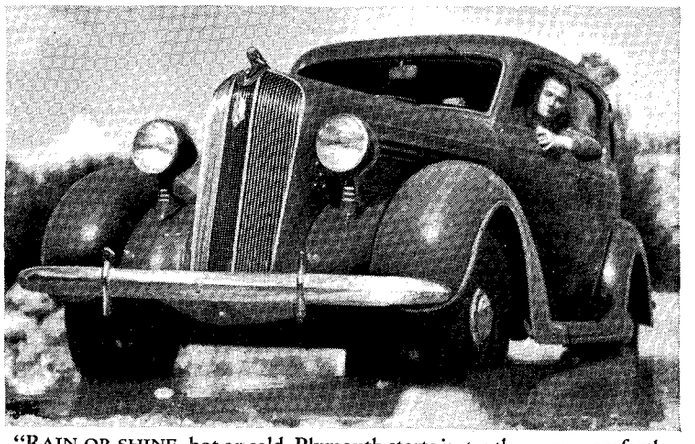
"Plymouth Won on 3 Counts _Size_Smoothness_Style_

IT WAS THE ONLY LOW-PRICED CAR WITH ALL THE FEATURES I WANT"



"BUDDY" ENSOR picked his car as he would choose a race horse... carefully compared performance, record, price.



"RAIN OR SHINE, hot or cold, Plymouth starts instantly... runs perfectly and is much easier to drive and handle than any other car I know."

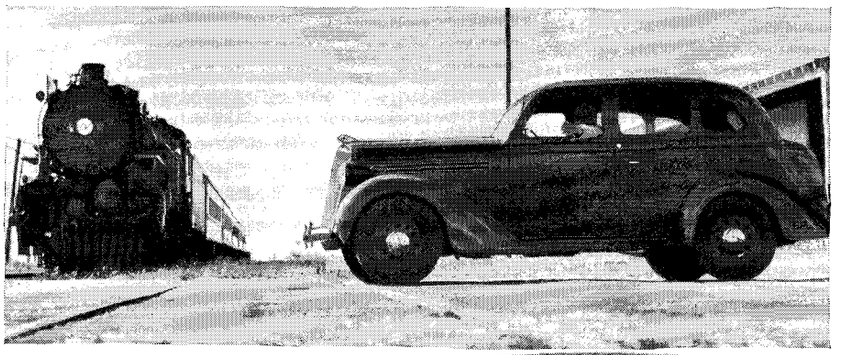
WHEN "BUDDY" ENSOR, famous jockey, winner of 2000 races, looked at "All Three" leading, low-priced cars, he found them very nearly the same in price.

"I saw that only Plymouth has all the things I wanted," he says. "That engine with Floating Power performs like a thoroughbred... quiet, smooth and powerful. And it's the only one of 'All Three' with both a Safety-Steel body and *double-action* Hydraulic brakes. It's a money-saver, too. I'm getting the best gas and oil mileage any car ever gave me. Yes, sir, I'm glad I looked at 'All Three'!"

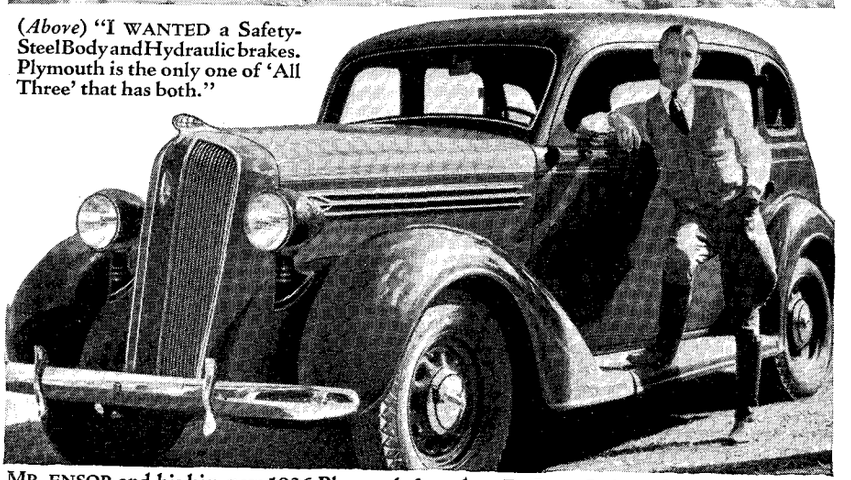
Don't buy any car until you drive this beautiful, new 1936 Plymouth. See your Chrysler, Dodge or DeSoto dealer today.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE, TUES. NIGHTS, N. B. C. RED NETWORK



(*Above*) "I WANTED a Safety-Steel Body and Hydraulic brakes. Plymouth is the only one of 'All Three' that has both."



MR. ENSOR and his big, new 1936 Plymouth four-door De Luxe Sedan. "I wanted style and I got it," he says, "as well as comfort and plenty of roominess that make long, hard trips easy."

EASY TO BUY

Priced with the lowest...$25 a month buys a Plymouth. Commercial Credit Co. offers Chrysler, Dodge, De Soto dealers terms making it easy to buy.

$510 And Up, List at Factory, Detroit Special Equipment Extra

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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